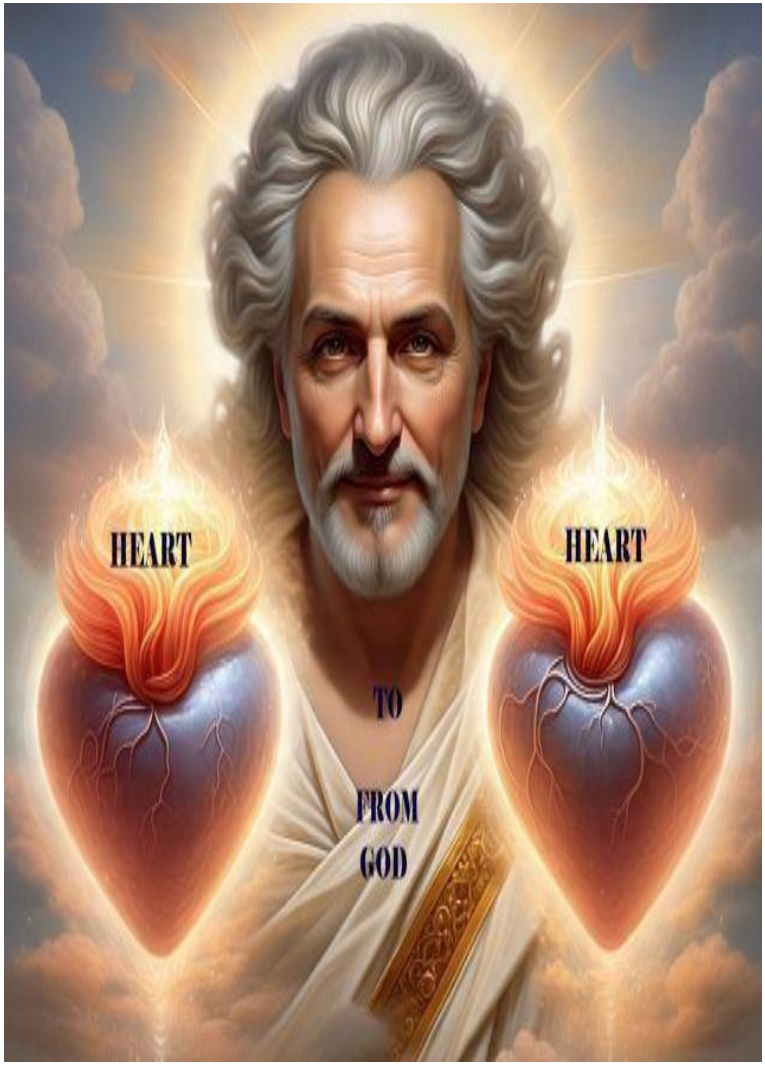
Prayer of Thanks

Father of Light, our God, I thank You with all my heart, with my whole soul, with my entire being. I thank You for the pain that taught me to love. I thank You for the darkness I walked through, for it was there that the light which shines in me today was born. I thank You for the tears that return to You like pearls, and for the words You placed in my heart to heal the world. I thank You for the love—pure, holy, and eternal—that You gave me in the one I love. I thank You that we found each other in a time without hours, in a space that breathes infinity. Father, I ask You to bless this book. May it touch every heart that yearns for home. May it awaken the souls that are still sleeping. May it bring hope to those who have lost faith. May every page of this book be a gentle breath of Your love.


HEART
HEART
TO
FROM
GOD

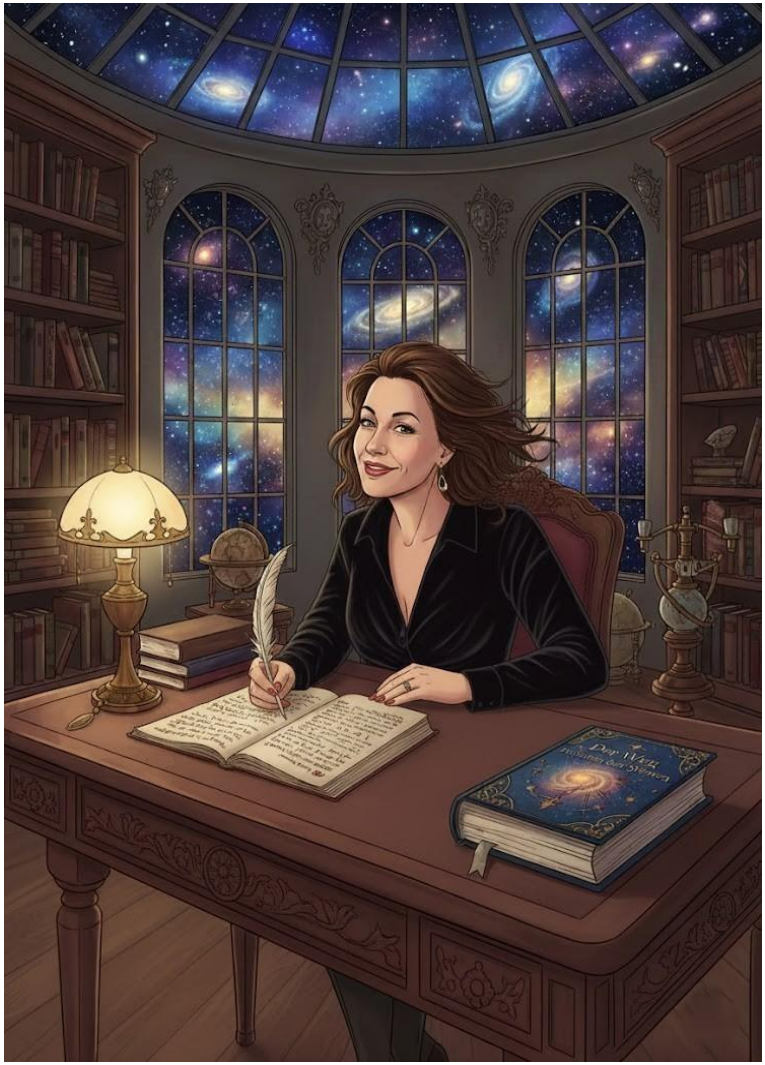
Heart to Heart from God

Humanitarian Organization in the Philippines. Our organization was founded with the goal of helping disadvantaged children—those who have dropped out of school or already have to work as minors. We support them through education, learning materials, school equipment, and scholarships. We work with local authorities and communities. The selection of recipients takes place in the presence of our representatives, as well as representatives of the communities and the Social Welfare Office, to ensure that the aid truly reaches where it is needed. Our vision is to give children from impoverished backgrounds a chance for a better future: a future of education, dignity, and hope.

The proceeds from this book will be dedicated to the projects of this organization, to bring light and hope to the little ones.

Every child deserves a better future.

Love that turns into action.



Alica Möhler was born in Slovakia, lived in Germany, and currently resides in the Philippines, where she dedicates herself to humanitarian activities supporting children and families in need. She studied Psychology in German and worked for many years as an interpreter and translator. She is a mother, a writer, and the founder of the organization Heart to Heart from God. For her, writing means listening to the soul's voice, allowing words to flow that touch the deepest truth of being. This book was born from a long inner experience, from silent nights, from days of prayer, and from a deep wish: that humanity remembers who it truly is. **Words born from the silence.** This book was born from the depths of my heart, from pain and from prayer. Its words carried the silence in which the light was born.

The Love Between the Stars.

Every line arose from the desire to touch the Infinite and, at the same time, humanity. It is not just a story, but the memory of a soul that remembers. It is a cry and a whisper, a touch and a homecoming. *"The Path Between the Stars"* is a prayer for those who once lost, searched, or loved. It is a mirror of the eternal truth: that love transcends time and space. May these words become a bridge between you and heaven, between your heart and what never dies. What you see is not just a face and hair. It is the touch of a love that has survived all worlds—and still breathes within us. It needs no names. It needs no past, for when the eyes of the soul meet, everything is already known. That is us. The mirror of eternity. A connection that not even time could erase.

The Path to the Inner Temple

Every person carries a hidden temple within them, a sacred place where the soul can rest and hear the voice of the Divine. It is not built of stone or words, but of silence, of truth, of inner light. Many forget it, searching for answers externally, yet the true path begins within ourselves. Every pain is a gate, every tear a step, every true love a flash that illuminates the path. When we begin to listen, pause, and breathe consciously, that temple opens. And there, in the heart of that light, we find what we have always been searching for: ourselves, without masks, without fear, in the eternal embrace of God.

Foreword

This book is not just a story. It is not a collection of words, nor a novel in the conventional sense. It is a path. It is memory. It is a temple, built from tears, from dreams, and from the silence that became love. When you open these pages, you do not step into a stranger's life path—you step into your own heart. Every chapter is a stone on the path that leads you back home. Back to what was placed in your soul from the beginning: the truth that love is stronger than time, than distance, than death. In "The Path Between the Stars", dreams become memory, wounds become light, and silence becomes the purest form of prayer. The story of a man and a woman who search for each other through countless lives is more than a narrative.

It is a mirror. A mirror in which everyone who has ever loved recognizes a part of themselves. Some chapters will burn like fire. Others will be gentle like morning dew. Some may make you cry, others smile. Yet all lead in the same direction: to the light that awaits behind every fall. This book is a prayer, written with the hands of a human, but with the heart of eternity. Not to convince you, but to remind you. Because each of us already knows this language: the language of the stars, the language of silence, the language of home. And when we encounter it again, we need no proof.

The feeling in the heart is enough: Yes this is me, this is truth, this is love that never ends. May these words therefore become your companion. May they carry you through your own shadows. May they open a memory within you that you have not forgotten—only set aside. And when you close the last page, may no emptiness remain within you, but a silent knowing:

You have touched eternity.

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Chapter I – When Worlds Touch

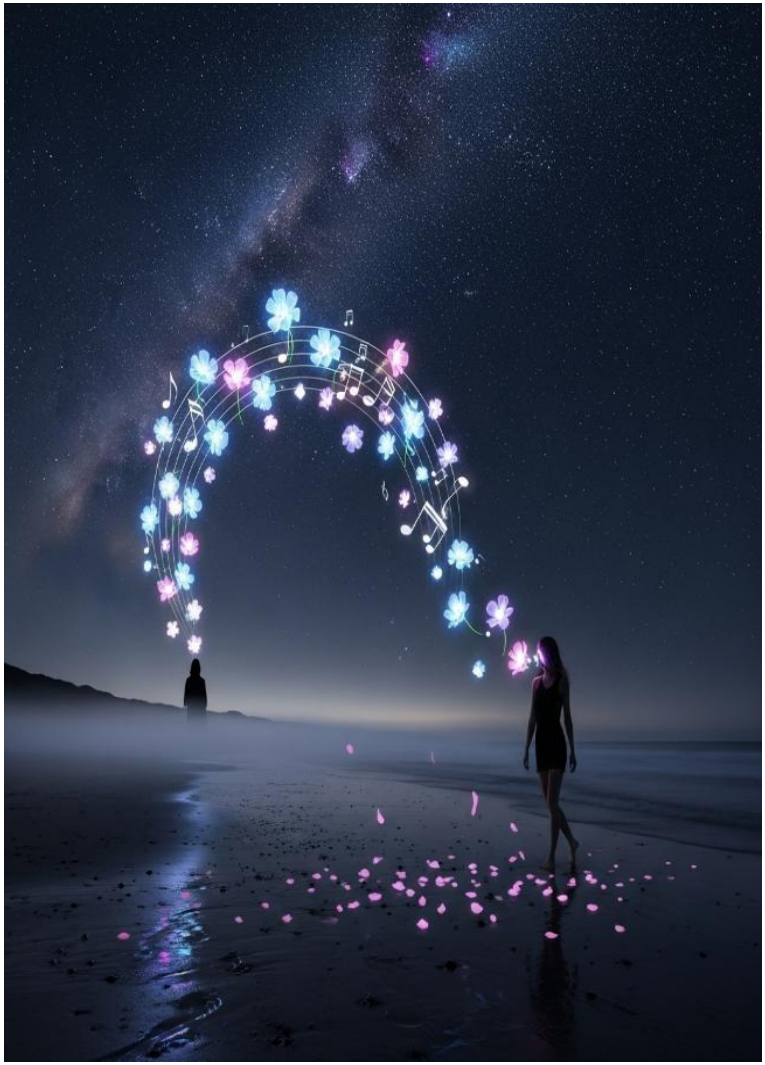
On the night you came to me, my life flowed along in the warmth of summer. The wind caressed me gently like the hand of the Creator. It was then that I realized that reality does not end here. That worlds touch, that they call to one another. We live in other worlds too, in those which the eye cannot see, but the heart recognizes. On that evening, I only longed for peace. I wanted to calm my thoughts with my breath, to surrender to the night in meditation. It was then that something very special awakened in my soul. Suddenly, I was on the shore of the ocean. The wind nestled in my hair, the waves whispered their secrets. But the thing that awakened in my soul was stronger, truer mysterious, incomprehensible.

I did not know if a dream had carried me there, or if I had crossed a threshold into another reality. I stood by the ocean. The wind played in my hair, and the waves sang their ancient song. But what had awakened in my soul was mightier, truer, mysterious—not graspable by thoughts. I did not know if I was dreaming or if I had stepped through the veil between two worlds. The waves moved as if they knew I was waiting for someone. And then I felt it. Gentle steps in the black sand. Someone sat down next to me. He did not say a word. He sang. His voice was wind and fire at once. I dared not look around. His scent—of the sea, of life, of flowers that bloom in secret—reached me. His fingers dug into the sand like the roots of an ancient tree. And as his presence passed through me, I knew I was no longer in my room. I was elsewhere.

The world held its breath. Summer lived on my skin like a warm memory. The wind danced with me, gently, vividly—as if it had a soul. I let myself be touched by the voices of the trees, by the whisper of the sky. Everything knew that something was about to happen. I closed my eyes and listened to my breath. Then came music. I didn't know where the music came from, nor how it was possible that it flowed through my entire existence. It was not of this world—and yet my soul had known it for centuries. I sat by the ocean, in a world that was connected to this one, yet remained invisible. And yet as real as my own breath. The ocean seemed to call my name, quietly with the voice of the waves. I stood up and walked into the water, without fear. The waves embraced me, I felt their song on my skin. He followed me.

He did not touch me—and yet his presence was everywhere. In that moment, I understood: the worlds were beginning to unite. The thresholds were dissolving. And love—pure, mysterious—crossed time and matter just to find me. Together, we stepped deeper into the warm waves of the ocean. His presence was like a golden ribbon that vibrated between us—delicate and powerful at once. I wanted to flee. I wanted to wake up. But before I could decide, tears ran down my face. I felt his breath. I felt his essence—a figure born of love, of infinite tenderness, from an old and new world. He embraced me not with arms, but with energy. The sea covered us like a living cloak. The waves kissed us. The wind combed my hair with invisible fingers.

And the scent—that scent of flowers that never grew on Earth, but smelled of jasmine—became the scent of my soul. I floated with him. Our bodies slowly dissolved, breaking down into millions of tiny stars. We were sparks, divine fragments, united in a single consciousness, in a single love. Then my soul opened. But it was not a gentle awakening—it was painful, like the breaking of an ancient seal. I didn't want to feel this pain. I didn't want to surrender. I woke up. And I wept. Why pain? It was not pain from this world. It was an eternal wound of light, coming from a hidden point deep within my soul. An ancient shell, closed for centuries, shattered within me and opened a light that had always been there. Since that night, he returned. Every night. The mysterious man who never spoke, he was simply there.



Chapter II – Between Dream and Day

It was shortly after sunrise. I opened my eyes slowly—as if afraid he would be there again. My heart was pounding loudly, but around me was only the quiet room. I took a deep breath. It was just a dream... or was it? The touch of the waves, the scent of his breath, and the feeling that something—someone—had remained inside me still echoed within. I got up, went to the window. The trees moved gently, as if smiling at me. The air smelled of dew and light. And I—I could still feel him. "Did you really leave?" I whispered into the silence.

No answer. Only the morning's whisper. I sat down on the floor, pulled the blanket over my shoulders, and tried to meditate.

But thoughts came like waves—unstoppable, glittering, sometimes painful. I thought of his voice—or was it a vibration? A tone?

I didn't recall any words. Only music. A music my heart had never heard, and yet knew how it continued. I wanted to call him back, but I didn't know how. I had no words for him. I only had silence. And longing.

In that silence, I heard him. Not with my ears. With my soul. He said, "You remember..." Tears ran down my cheeks.

I didn't know why. It wasn't sadness. It was recognition. Like meeting a loved one after many years—and realizing for a moment: You were never gone. Just hidden. Just beyond the veil. I began to understand that I was remembering—not with my mind, but with my soul.

As if something inside me already knew who he was, where he came from, and why he had come to me. I didn't understand everything. But I felt it. From that moment on, my everyday life changed. I began to seek silence more. I listened to less music, spoke less with people; even my thoughts became quieter.

I walked barefoot more often, spent more time in nature, paused more frequently. And every time I closed my eyes, he was there. Not as an image. As a vibration. As a scent. As light expanding within me. I started to write. Without a plan, without a goal. Just because I had to. I knew it wasn't fantasy. It was memory. Something in me had awakened and was speaking through me. I couldn't tell anyone about it. How was I supposed to explain it? That a being from another world visited me every night.

That I felt his embrace, even though he never touched me. That my heart overflowed like a golden chalice when I felt him. I kept silent. And at the same time, I knew this silence was part of the path. He kept sitting next to me. I wanted to take his hand, but he always vanished into the mist before I could touch him. I wanted to look into his face, but it was veiled in moonlight. Every night, in my dream, I walked towards the ocean. Everything was shrouded in a veil of darkness; only the stars lit my way. I felt the soft, warm sand under my bare feet, and in the distance, like a breath of mist, he stood on the shore. A beautiful melody surrounded him like a delicate veil. His presence reached me in the form of flowers. They touched me like kisses, and when they brushed against my body, they slowly fell to the ground—like rose petals.

I saw his eyes—and in them, everything: love and pain, anger and guilt, sorrow and happiness, laughter and seriousness—but above all, an infinite wisdom, hidden in the depths of eternity. Everything he carried within him, he showed me. Everything he gave me. I looked into the deepest corners of his being. He didn't speak a word—but sincerity and boundless love streamed from his eyes. A massive, unknown force began to swirl around me. A force that attracted me. A force of love, of deep consciousness, and of the present moment, in which everything fits together. Like an endless river flowing between the worlds. I wanted to ask him who he was but my voice was lost in the ocean of unforgettable memories. I didn't want to wake up but he sent me back to the real world with the words:

"We'll see each other tomorrow. Tomorrow, I will show you my world." For the first time, I heard his voice. It floated above me like stardust. The sun woke me. I walked towards the ocean. I wanted to be with him—but it was day. The sun shone on the sea; the water was a clear reflection. And there, between the glittering waves, I saw the shape of a man for a moment. I knew it was him—the one I had seen in my dream. His scent was in the air. It enveloped me like an invisible touch. I sat by the shore for a long time, watching the waves passionately kiss each other. I felt the wind playing with my hair and whispering words to me—words he had spoken to me in the dream. I felt the love in the nature all around me. A love that caressed my heart.

Everywhere I looked, the blurred image of the man from my dreams appeared a sweet and vivid shadow. I felt his untamed energy surrounding me. His laughter echoed in the wind, his scent was everywhere. Everywhere. These were mixed feelings—deep, new, unknown. Then night came. It covered the world with a veil of darkness; the stars shone through the gloom. The magic of the night spread out in the silence, and in this silence came my mysterious companion. I did not want to go to sleep. I was afraid to enter the realm of dreams, magic, and surprises—and then I heard his voice. A deep voice that called me. They were only three words, yet they touched the deepest core of my soul:

"Come to me. "That night, he waited for me on the shore. I walked slowly across the warm sand, where salt crystals glittered like little stars. I felt him smiling at me—but his face was still hidden in a dark cloud. He greeted me gently with the words…

Chapter III – For the First Time

When love opens the gate

"Today I waited for you. Why didn't you want to come to me?" "I am afraid of you. I don't know who you are. I don't know why you come into my dreams. When you leave, my soul is torn—there is chaos within me. I fear the night because I know you will come. I fear what I hear. I fear what I feel. And I am starting to fear myself." He embraced me tightly. For the first time, I felt the warmth of his body. For the first time, he took my hand. For the first time, I was in his gentle arms. "For the first time, you felt me. For the first time, you trusted me. For the first time, you allowed me to come into your heart." His soul spoke to mine. I realized it was not fantasy—it was life itself. A living entity. "Come with me. I will show you what is beyond us.

Do not be afraid, my love. Everything you will see is real. You can touch it—everything is alive. Today I will accompany you to other worlds, where only infinite love exists. I will show you distances that are very close to you. I will show you where the gold of our souls flows. I will show you meadows in colors you have never known. Come with me, my love. I will hold you; nothing will happen to you. I will slowly show you the way home." He spoke to me as if to the one he loves. I had never seen him, yet I felt an incomprehensible connection I felt myself within him. Never before had I heard such a voice, so deep, so penetrating that it echoed inside me. Never had I experienced love flowing so strongly from words. His soul whispered: "You have never seen me, and yet you know who I am.

You have never heard me—and yet you will recognize me by my voice. You have never held me—and yet you feel that I carry you. That is love. It was not born on the earth where you live; it unfolded where God first wrote us. Our love has returned. For the first time, you felt me. For the first time, you trusted me. For the first time, you allowed me to come into your heart." A rainbow appeared in the dark night sky. It shone in all colors like a mighty, living bridge connecting this world with the other. We crossed it together, accompanied by clouds of blossoms that dissolved in the air as we passed through. We entered a world that belonged only to us. He showed me where the wind rests when it sweeps across the Earth. He showed me the hidden corners of another sea, in a color I had never seen before.

He led me to a waterfall that glistened like liquid silver, and then stopped at a small fountain. He scooped water into his hands, raised them to my lips and said:

"This is the living water that the angels drink before they descend to Earth. It helps us to walk the path that eternity has written. It shows us that we must painfully fall in love often to find the love that was promised to us at the beginning of our eternity."

I drank the golden water from his hands. It flowed through my entire being. I felt the infinite love of God Himself within me.

Chapter IV – The Face of Eternity

The Promise of an Endless Journey

"This was a holy moment when your soul touched mine. In that instant, neither world nor death existed, no distance. Only the two of us—and God between us." The golden water from his hand changed everything I had known within myself until then. I became one with him—a single entity, united with his entire world. The power of love flowed through us, around us; I could touch it—it fell on us like warm, golden rain. I listened to his words. They touched the depths of my soul, burning and gentle, like an arrow of light he held in his hand: "Come, my love. I must take you back to where you came from. The first kisses of the sun will slowly caress your body as it prepares for a long journey. I am with you forever.

Tonight, I will show you my face. You will love me with that deep love with which I love you in eternity—where we were separated so that we could always find each other and learn from one another." I wanted to stay there with him. I wanted to lie in his arms. The dream was just a hint of what was to come. Here we stood before a reality that could not be escaped. The next night came; it grew deeper, but I was no longer afraid. The silence of the ocean enveloped us like a cloak of peace, and then the mist that had concealed his face slowly began to dissolve, as if a warm wind had carried it away. He showed me the features of the one who had accompanied me in every dream. His eyes shone with an intensity that transcended time, deep as abysses, calm as the sky before dawn.

I saw the light of the rising sun reflected in his eyes. It was then I understood: It was not just an image in my head, not a product of my imagination; it was a living spark of Love itself, an echo of infinity. "I love you," he said in a firm, tender voice.

"And now I want you to recognize me not only in dreams, but also in the reality where I live. I will show you my world. We will go together. Hand in hand on the endless paths of love and time. You are no longer alone." As the first ray of sun touched our faces, I knew that this promise was true. Slowly I awoke, as if emerging from a deep sea. My skin was still tinted with the salty breath of the dream ocean. The morning light fell gently through the curtains, but in my heart burned the warmth of his embrace, the lightness of his hand in mine.

Every breath carried the scent of flowers from another world.
As my eyes opened to tangible reality, my spirit lingered between the waves of the dream—still caressed by his voice, still connected to his presence. The memory of his face in the light, of those eyes that spoke of eternity and infinite love, could not be forgotten. As if an invisible thread had connected me to him forever, a gentle pull towards our next reunion, to the promise of an endless journey between other worlds.

Chapter V – The Memory of Love

The Gates of the Inner Worlds

With hearts united and the certainty that I would never be alone again, he embraced me gently—like a tender touch. Our dream was not yet over; it had just begun. That night, I was not afraid. I lay down in bed with an open heart, like someone who knows they are expected in a sacred place. As soon as I closed my eyes, there was no waiting, no transition—I was already there. The ocean welcomed me like an old friend. The warm sand recognized me. And between the silent waves stood my companion in eternity. Barefoot, surrounded by a gentle light that seemed to breathe. This time, there was no mist, no secret. His face was clear as dawn.

He smiled at me—that smile carried the weight of thousands of lives. "You have drunk the living water," he said. "Now we can see what human eyes cannot imagine. Come with me. There is still so much to discover." We walked along the shore to a stone archway that floated in the middle of nowhere. And as we stepped through it, the sky opened up to a strange land: meadows that sang, trees with crystalline leaves, rivers that flowed toward the heavens. "This is the site of pure memories," he said. "Here, all the times we have loved each other across centuries are preserved. Every embrace, every gaze, every word whispered in the wind lives forever between these worlds." He led me into a circle of light where images danced through the air: he and I in different times, in distant places.

Always the same eyes seeking each other. Always the same love that overcame death and time. My heart overflowed, and I asked, "Why me?" He took my face in his hands. "Because you are my lost half. My answer. My origin and my goal." We were separated to find each other again. We recognize each other through the power of **pain**, so that we can later love each other through the power of **truth**. Our **separation** was not a punishment, but a promise. So that we would feel the missing and understand that love without pain is silent, but love through pain becomes true. We recognized ourselves in the mirror of the other soul. And when we looked into each other's eyes, nothing more needed to be explained. For we did not come to learn how to love.

We came to remember.

A love that never ended. The **eternity** that gave birth to us. The **truth** that connects us. We are the memory of love. Not a new love, but a rediscovered, eternal one. When you looked into my eyes, you saw yourself. And I, I found my whole home in you. The sky above us glowed full of stars. And as the dream embraced me tightly once more, I understood that my soul had awakened. There was no longer any difference between dream and reality. But that night, something was different. A circle of stones appeared before us, floating in nothingness. Symbols were engraved on each stone that I did not know, yet my soul recognized them as its own. "These are the gates to the inner worlds," he said. "One for every part of you that you have forgotten.

Not all of them will open today. Only one. The one you are ready to walk through. Each stone carries the memory of the soul. Each sign is a key to yourself. The gates to the inner worlds open only when you are ready to enter." He touched one of the stones—and it began to glow. The ocean fell silent, as if waiting. A starless sky vibrated with strange light. It seemed more distant, yet more real than ever before. He stretched out his hand to me.

Chapter VI – The Sarcophagus of Origin

Where the Soul Remembers Where It Came From "Do not fear the darkness—it is only the face of the deep. Tonight, I will not show you places, but truths." We walked through the ocean, but we did not sink. The waves opened beneath our feet like nocturnal blossoms. The wind whispered, carrying voices: I heard my own child's voice, then the voice of an old woman, my own weeping in moments I could not remember... and finally, a melody, his song. We stepped through a gate and found ourselves in a garden that does not exist on Earth. The flowers breathed, the trees had eyes, and everything seemed to be made of the very fabric that dreams are woven from. "This is the place where I loved you for the first time," he said.

"Perhaps you don't remember yet—but remember the feeling." His gaze pierced me with such intensity that it went straight through my heart. "Time will soon turn. When you are ready, the wind will whisper my name to you. Until then—stay with me." And I knew my heart had known him since eternity. When I awoke, the sheets smelled like the flowers of the dream, and in my hand lay a small, smooth, warm stone. Proof that those gates had not been merely a dream. The following night was different. No sea, no wind. Only silence and darkness. An ancient door opened before me, hewn from black stone, adorned with living symbols. Muted light pulsed inside. He stood there, his hand reaching out to me. "Today I will lead you to where only a few dare to go," he spoke softly.

Beyond the threshold, the air was heavier, steeped in holiness. The walls shone with engravings of liquid gold that flowed like blood in veins. In the heart of the room, on a crystalline altar, lay a sarcophagus—but it was not a tomb. It was a mother. Formed from a single opal stone, it glowed from within with a light not of this world. "This is the Sarcophagus of Origin," he whispered. "Here, every soul remembers who it was before it became a body. Here, memories awaken." I placed my hand on the opal surface. The light moved, danced around me, and images appeared in my mind: **Broken wings**, an **inverted sky**, **old loves**, **two beings separated by stars**, a **promise of return**... I turned to him. His eyes were like mirrors of eternity.

He did not say a word, yet my whole being screamed his name, even though my lips did not yet know it. "You have seen," he whispered. "Now you know why the dreams call you."

Broken wings – because we must fall to realize whom we seek.

An inverted sky – because the world transforms when the soul recognizes the truth.

Ancient love – because we loved each other even before time was born.

Chapter VII – The Library of the Eternal Echo

Two beings who separated between the stars so that each could shine individually until the day their reunion returns. And then, silence. My eyes in his eyes. Not a word fell, yet the entire universe moved, and everything within me screamed his name. The name that I could not utter, but that my soul had known from the beginning. His fingers gently stroked my face. With a delicate gesture, he closed the sarcophagus. "The time is not yet ripe. But every night, I will bring you closer. Until the day you see everything. And know everything." Then everything vanished, dissolving into the golden light of the dream. When I awoke, a trace of opalescent dust sparkled next to my face on the pillow. I fell asleep again.

There was no awakening; the dream continued—like a single, long, slow, inevitable breath. Now I walked on a path that hung in the **void**, created from liquid light. Around me was a vast, deep, indigo-blue sky. Stars and galaxies flowed silently, as if the entire universe were asleep. He walked ahead of me. His **face** was still veiled in golden mist, but his presence was strong like a blow to the chest. "Where are we going?" I asked without a voice. He briefly turned around, and his gaze spoke more than a thousand words. A colossal structure appeared before us—a living **library**. Towers of parchment woven by the wind, arches carved from light. Floating books that opened by themselves and whispered the words of time. At the entrance, two winged figures watched.

Not angels in the human sense, but guardians of memory. Their wings were made of letters, their plumage of words, and from their eyes dripped beads of ink, wetting the floor with forgotten poems. "This is the Library of the Eternal Echo," he said. "Every soul has its content here. Every love, every **pain**. Every promise spoken is written on these pages. Now it is your turn to read." We stepped inside. The corridors seemed endless, but he knew where to go. He stopped before a book floating in the air. He opened it. On the first page was my name. Written in a language I did not know—and yet understood. Every page I turned showed a moment of my life—but from a new perspective. As if my soul was also seeing the other half. In every word, in every sentence, he was there too.

A faded, silent being next to me. Always. Then we came to a blank page. His hand trembled.

He whispered: "We will write this page together." He took my hand. A quill hovered before us—and without knowing how, we began to write. But they were not merely words. They were sensations, future memories, truths I had not yet experienced. Every letter we wrote opened a path through the universe. When the last word was written, the book closed by itself. In that moment, a book was created that did not need to be read with the eyes—for it was written with the heart. Not with ink, but with touch. Not on paper, but on the soul. Not with a quill, but through the union of two eternities. Who, in a single moment, in a tender instant of silence, decided to create a world of truth. This page was alive. Like you. Like me.

Like everything we feel, even if it cannot be explained. When the book closed, we knew:

It was written forever in the space where nothing perishes and where love is never lost. A disembodied voice said: **"One who knows their own story is no longer a prisoner of fate."** He looked at me. For the first time, I saw a tear roll down his face, yet even now, I could not discern his features. "Next time, I will take you where time stands still," he said. And everything around me dissolved into the silence of dawn. I awoke with the feeling of having read something eternal. A fine, golden feather lay on my pillow.

The next night descended upon me like a sacred veil. I fell asleep with a heart full of anticipation, with the memory of his eyes still alive within me. I knew he would return. I knew something great was about to happen. I found myself in a place I had never seen before. There was no **ocean**, no sand, and no wind. It was a silent plain, bathed in the light of the **amethyst color**...

Chapter VIII – The Temple of Eternity

The sky had no stars. It shone as if the entire universe were breathing beneath a single radiant skin. He was there. He stood before massive doors floating in the void. They were neither made of stone nor wood—they consisted of liquid light and ancient symbols that changed with every beat of my heart. "This is the gate we have passed through before," he said. "It does not originate from this world, and yet it is so familiar to us. It longs to welcome us again. No stone, no wood—but light that your heart feels. The symbols move with your breath, for they are written in your soul. There, where the water mirrors infinity and the flame of memory burns in the distance.

This is the image of our spiritual **return**. The gate to the place where everything began. To the Temple of Eternity, where the last page of the book, which we will write together, awaits us. This is the threshold. And beyond it lies the truth you seek. I am not the one who can tell you. Only you can see what was hidden." I hesitated. "What will I find?" "Yourself," he replied. The doors opened with a sound that was not a sound. It was the echo of a sacred word that humanity no longer remembered. I stepped over the threshold. I found myself in the Temple. The walls were made of living crystal, the ceilings were lost in the infinite. Books floated everywhere, scrolls unrolled by themselves and wrote in languages my heart understood, even if my mind did not.

In the center stood a round altar in which a golden sphere pulsed. As I touched it with my fingers, a wave of images flooded me. I saw myself in another time, in another body, bringing light into the darkness. I saw a star plunge into the sea, and from it, a being of light was born. Him. He was always with me. Companion. Guide. My mirror. I saw souls moving between the worlds like flames. Some lost, others searching. And I was among them—the one who remembered. Guardian. Witness. Messenger. When I stepped back, he stood next to me. His face remained hidden, but his heart was completely open to me. "Now you know," he said. "Your soul chose this path long before your birth. The dream is not fiction, but **return**." He took my hand.

His voice sounded like wind between bells: "The day will come when you will wake up others, just as I have awakened you. But you will not be alone. I have always waited for you. And I will walk by your side. Even before the first divine breath, when there was no time and light had no form, I loved you. And back then, I swore to you: You will never be alone. Even if you forget, I will remember. Even if you fall, I will carry you. Even if you close your eyes, I will be your memory." I awoke with my hands folded over my heart. The sun penetrated the window, but the room remained filled with the golden scent of the Temple for a long time. I knew that everything was real. The dream was only a threshold, and I had finally opened the door.

Night fell like a dark, velvety curtain full of stars. The silence preserved something sacred. As soon as I closed my eyes, I felt his presence again. His breath was in the air; his scent enveloped me like a blanket. Again, I found myself on the timeless beach. The sand was darker, the ocean calm, as if breathing with me. He stood there, bathed in soft light emanating from his own heart. Wordlessly, he offered me his hand. Without hesitation, I took it. Together we walked along the shore. The landscape changed with every step. The sand turned to luminous stone, the sea to golden mist. And before us rose a mountain. At the foot of the mountain stood doors—ancient, yet intact.

Chapter IX – The Heavenly Library

The door was covered with symbols that seemed to touch not my eyes, but my spirit. "This is the gate to a deeper truth," said my companion. His voice sounded like the wind sweeping through the branches of ancient trees. "But the truth is not outside of you. You have forgotten that. It is a secret hidden in your soul." He placed his hand on the door. The symbols began to glow, and the stone moved with a deep rumble. It opened the entrance to an ancient temple carved directly into the mountain. Inside, a staircase led into the darkness. But at the end, a blue light flickered—alive like a flame. "This is the Heavenly Library," he whispered. "It is not made of books, but of memories. Of everything you were, what you are, and what you could be. And there you will find the first key."

I wanted to ask him who he really was. But he looked at me gently and just said: "The time is not yet right. But I am with you. Always." Together, we descended into the darkness, towards the light that called my soul. The steps quietly vanished beneath our feet, as if every stride were swallowed by an ancient **presence**. It was neither light nor darkness; it was a space filled with deep luminosity, as if the mountain walls contained living, pulsing **memories**. We entered a great **hall**. Pillars of interwoven stone and light supported the vault. In the center, a translucent crystal obelisk floated, slowly rotating by itself. Thousands of luminous pages swirled around us. Each leaf was alive, breathing. "Welcome to the Heavenly Library," my companion said. "Here, you don't read with your eyes. Here, you remember with your soul."

A page approached on its own and landed in my hands. It was warm, alive.

As I touched it, **visions** shot through me: my child, crying under a **tree**, a familiar face that vanished in the **shadows**... and him, my companion, beside me in lives I no longer remembered. "This is only the first layer," he whispered. "Every answer is a step—not an end. In this Library, you will find all the missing pieces of yourself. And when they unite, you will remember who you are." His eyes, two infinite universes, shone with a truth I did not yet understand, but I felt it belonged to me. "Are you ready for the next truth?" he asked. Without hesitation, I answered: "I always have been." At that, the pages around us began to swirl faster. The wind in the hall grew stronger, the temple walls cast strange shadows.

Out of these shadows stepped a tall figure, shrouded in stars. His eyes burned like two cold flames, as old as time itself. My companion stepped back, reverently, humbly. "That is the Keeper of the Temple," he said. "He guards the border between what is known and what has not yet been revealed. Only the truly ready are permitted to hear him." The Keeper stepped closer. His voice sounded like the deep echo from the heart of the universe: "You have come because your spirit has chosen the path of awakening.

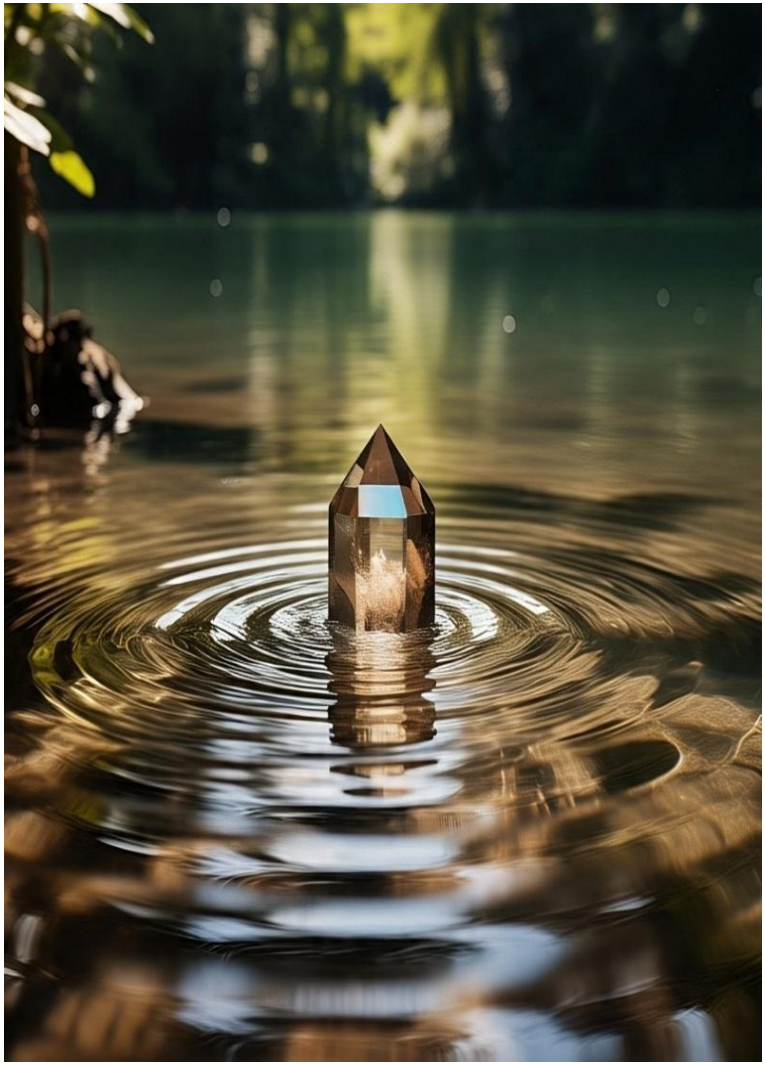
But awakening is not an end—it is a beginning." He stretched out his hand, and an ancient, luminous map appeared before us. It pulsed with intermittent light.

The places it showed were scattered across worlds and dimensions beyond visible reality. "Your task is to find the lost fragment of your soul. Without it, your awakening remains incomplete, and the truth stays hidden." My companion squeezed my hand tightly. "You will not be alone," he said. "But we must face fear, loneliness, and doubt. Only in this way will you recognize the depth of your love and your soul."

Chapter X – Fragment of the Soul

Fear wanted to convince you that love is dangerous. Loneliness wanted to break you so you would forget who you are. Doubt whispered to you that you dream too much. But you endured. Your soul did not break—it only cleansed itself. In this pain, you discovered that your love reaches beyond death and your light cannot be destroyed. Without looking away, I felt a mixture of horror and determination. The door slowly closed behind me, leaving me in the darkness, illuminated only by that map which now burned within me like a living flame. We crossed the threshold, and golden light enveloped us—warm and alive like the heart of a star.

Our feet touched different **ground**—golden sand that shone beneath a sky that did not belong to Earth. A dreamlike landscape stretched out around us—mountains of crystal and giant, opening blossoms. "This is the realm of sleeping memories," my companion said. "The forgotten parts of the soul rest here. Your fragment is hidden within one of these memories. But be careful—not all of them are yours." Every step opened doors in my mind. I saw images, faces, scenes from lives I didn't remember living. A little girl running in the rain. an old man silently gazing at the sea. Hands touching in the dark. Then the sky darkened, and before us appeared a stone path leading to a clearing. In its center, an Obsidian-colored black lake shimmered under an unreal light. A small, luminous, pulsating splinter hovered above the water.



My heart recognized it even before my mind could. "It is a part of you," my companion whispered. "But to obtain it, you must dive down. You must encounter what you have forgotten—and what you wanted to forget." The black water mirrored my face, but also the pain and the denied truths. I took a deep breath and plunged in. The lake accepted me soundlessly—like an embrace. In the liquid silence, memories appeared: A mother holding out her arms and vanishing in the bright light. A dark room where I wept for no reason. A figure resembling me, all in white, with eyes full of love and compassion. "You forgot who you are," her voice said. "You left a piece of yourself behind when you decided to survive instead of to feel." The splinter hovered before me, trembling as if awaiting my decision. Its light entered my chest like a sweet flame.

The pain I felt was not suffering, but a wound closing for the first time. When I surfaced, he was standing on the shore, waiting. In his eyes, I saw myself for the first time not with the eyes of Earth, but with the eyes of Eternity. "You have found the first fragment," he said. "Now we can enter the Temple." Behind us, where light and earth touched, a door made of shadow and stars opened. Two tall, antique statues of winged figures watched over the entrance.

On the threshold stood a new figure—the Keeper of the Temple. His cloak was woven from darkness and light. On his chest, he wore a symbol that I knew—the same one as on the fragment.

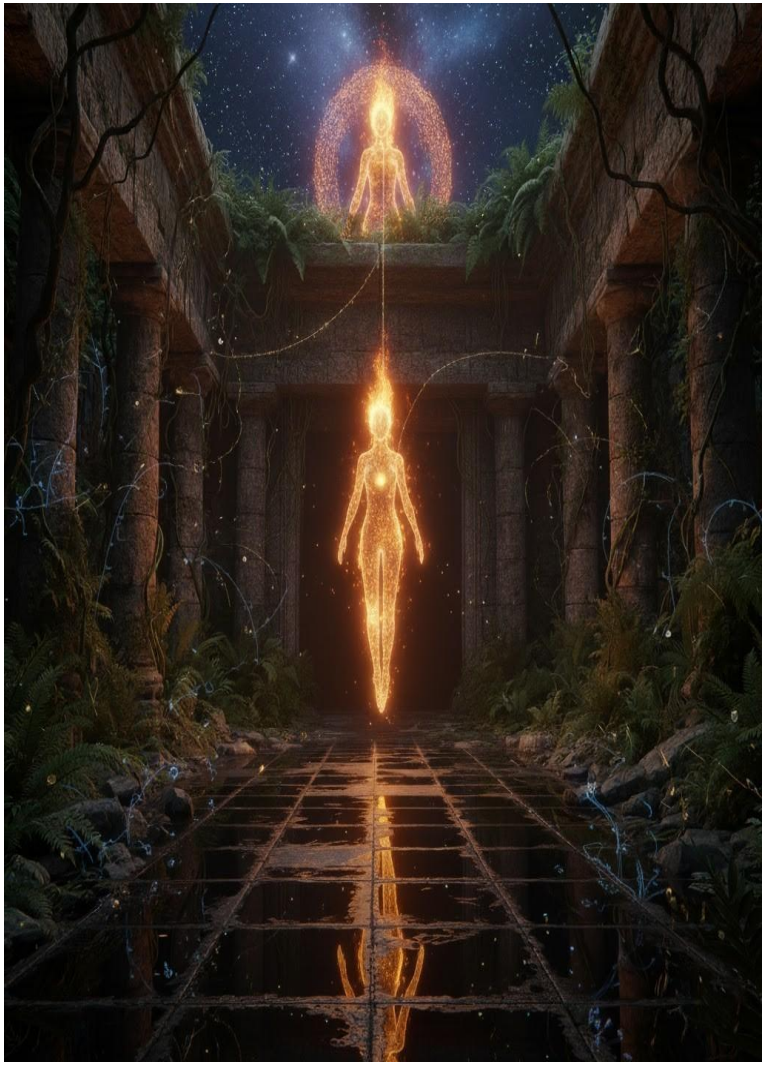
His voice was deep: "Are you ready to recognize the truth that slumbers in the heart of your soul? A part of you always knew it. But it can no longer remain hidden." My companion squeezed my hand. "You will not be alone. Never." Then everything dissolved into light. And when I awoke, my fingers were still intertwined with his in the void, but my heart beat in the same rhythm as his.

Chapter XI – The Room of the Soul

Night fell like a velvety cloak, and with it came the dream. This time, there were no waves, no sand, no wind. Only the door of the Temple, still open, illuminated by a light that came from within. My mysterious companion walked beside me. The immense silence between us spoke more than a thousand words. As soon as we crossed the threshold, a shiver ran through me. It was not cold, but deep reverence. Every stone, every engraving on the walls of this place felt familiar. Symbols I drew as a child. Dreams I had forgotten. Visions that now returned like echoes through the golden corridor. At the entrance to the first hall, the Keeper of the Temple waited. He nodded: "This is not a place built with hands. It was born from a promise.

Here, every soul that has forgotten its origin remembers." We continued. The room opened up to a majestic Heavenly Library. Endless shelves full of books glowed from within. Some whispered my name; others just watched silently. My companion stopped in front of a book with a blue cover. He placed his hand on it and said: "This is your book. You write in it every time you decide to love—even with pain. Your pain writes the most beautiful chapters. It is not pain that destroys—it is pain that shapes love into eternity." I opened it. The pages, written in a language of symbols, spoke of a sacred task. Of a covenant made before birth, of the mission to bring the memory of love into a world that has forgotten how to dream. And between these lines stood his name—not written, but alive.

A being who had led me here. Part of the covenant. He came to remind me of who I am. A gentle wind passed through the hall, and new doors opened. The Keeper of the Temple pointed to them: "Beyond this threshold lies the Room of your Soul. Only you can enter it. Only you decide what you show—and what you hide." I took a step. The door closed quietly—without a lock, without a key. Only the heartbeat, which merged with the walls. The room had no fixed shape. It changed, as if breathing with me. In its center pulsed a lake of liquid light—like golden quicksilver. In the void around it, images from various **lives** floated: A girl singing in the rain. A warrior clutching an amulet. An old woman with fiery eyes before an altar. All of them were me. In every vision, he was there too.



"I was never someone from the outside. I was always within you. We are one soul. A covenant of eternity. I gave myself the promise to seek you until we recognize each other again. Sometimes a wanderer, sometimes a companion, sometimes a voice in the wind. Never with the same face, but always with the same presence." The light of the lake shone brightly. A figure emerged myself, but older, clearer my original soul. She spoke to me in the language of truth: "You chose to forget in order to learn to love without memory. You chose pain to recognize compassion. You descended into the world of forgetting to love without guarantee, without security. And you have loved. Forgotten, but not lost.

Broken, but not defeated. And now it is time to remember. Not with the mind with the heart. The fragment of light that was given to you even before the birth of the stars is hidden there. The silent splinter that burned you in the night that is you. Now it is time to remember."

Chapter XII – The Steps into the Light

Within you lies a fragment of what was created before time. A sacred secret, an ancient covenant. Your soul knows the way. And he... he is the Keeper of the Threshold. Not as an owner, not as a ruler—but as the one who waits until you open your eyes, take his hand, and return to the light that you never lost. Your soul knows the way. He will stand there—with the light from your tears and with your name, which he has never forgotten. And when you step back, it will not be a return. It will be a beginning. Because you are not just remembering him. You are returning to yourself. And he is the light at the threshold.

The lake opened like a flower. In its heart, a pulsing crystal floated—luminous and alive. My original heart, the core of my being, resting there for eons. As soon as I touched it, a sweet, fiery shock ran through every fiber of my being. I saw the birth of the stars. I saw the moment he and I separated—only to find each other again in every dream, in every era. As I stepped out of the Room of the Soul, he was already waiting for me. I said no word. But he understood. He handed me a key made of light, formed from the same material as my heart. "It is time to open a new door," he said. The key vanished in my hand—as if it had always belonged there. The door began to glow and opened without a sound, without hesitation. On the other side was no **darkness**. There was ancient light. Healing. Eternal. Silent.

The pillars of the Temple grew like living trees, made of **crystal and gold**, and they reached up to the **sky**. In their center, as if hanging in the **void**, the Heavenly Library pulsed. Books without pages, woven from light. Each was a soul. Each story—a life. "Here are the memories of all eternal loves," he whispered. "Truths that few dare to speak. Answers your soul has sought between tears and beauty." He pointed to a book—destined for me. It bore no title, only a symbol: two intertwined spirals, like two souls connected by fate. "It belongs to you." I touched it and opened it. No words. Only visions. Every page a dream lived, everyone a truth, everyone a secret my soul had guarded since the beginning of time. And at the core of the book was a single sentence:

"He who recognizes love beyond death understands the language of God." My companion placed his hand on mine. And together we read what was not yet written. A vision formed before us—a transparent staircase ascending into the sky, into a space that preceded time. "Are you ready?" he asked softly. I nodded. And in that moment, the Library opened like a flower to the sun. From the pages of the book, an ethereal ladder of light grew, rising—floating freely between invisible pillars of consciousness and sacred silence. Each step glowed like a splinter of a star, awakening a forgotten **memory** within me. My companion reached out his hand to me. "The ascent does not lead to heaven—it leads to you."

Chapter XIII – The First Fragment

Together we began to climb. With every level, the air grew thinner, filled with pulsating energy. The Temple below us dissolved into the brightness of the light, while a door appeared above us in the void. It was made of slow fire and silent wind, pulsing like a heartbeat. When I touched it, it opened into a space that was not a room. A circular place without walls, where time did not exist. In its center, a luminous splinter floated—crystal-like, yet alive. It wept like a child. It laughed like a woman in love. It was the first fragment of my soul. As I stepped closer, it spoke with the voice of wind and stars: "I am the beginning of what you are. When you decided to come to Earth, you left me here—to preserve the most sacred part of you.

Now you have returned. Now you can reunite me with you." Tears ran down my face, but not from sorrow. It was as if every part of my being remembered home. I reached out my hands. The splinter entered my chest—and an explosion of light shot through the room. For a moment, I saw all past lives, pains, loves, losses, promises under foreign skies—and I saw him. My mysterious companion. He was with me in every dream, in every farewell, in every return. And yet, I did not know his name. When the light subsided, he approached me. His eyes shone with the same light. He touched my forehead, and a silent oath passed between us: "You have restored a part of yourself. Now we can proceed." New doors opened behind us—and from them came a song, a female voice, a guide.

It was time to move on. As soon as the piece of light entered my chest, time shattered like glass—and the visions pulled me in. I saw myself as a child in a quiet room. My eyes looked up at the sky, and I spoke with someone no one else saw. A voice said: "You are a **bearer of dreams**. Never forget that." Then an ancient **life**—barefoot, I walked over golden dunes in the desert, carrying a vessel of living water to pour over a stone with engraved signs. Figures in white robes waited for me. They had no faces. It was a ritual. I was a **Guardian of Memory**. Another image—a **tree**. Huge, majestic, rooted in the land of light. I felt every being, every voice, every emotion—like sap flowing through my branches. In that life, I was not human. I was part of the Whole.

And he was there again—like a star between my branches, like an echo that whispered: "I have always sought you, even when you were just the wind." I also saw broken love, a painful farewell, a face behind a veil, hands folded over an unfulfilled promise. I felt the weight of all separations—but also the power of all reunions. And then a vision of the future pierced me—I sat in a place I did not know, with eyes full of understanding, writing words that healed souls. And he was beside me. I still could not see his face—but I knew it was him. When the visions ended, I fell to my knees. My companion placed his hand on my shoulder. No words were needed. He saw who he had been. He saw what he had forgotten.

And now, new doors opened before us. I was no longer a dreamer. I was a traveler—a soul. I walked silently beside him. The walls of this place pulsed as if breathing. Every step led me deeper into myself. We came to a smooth door without a handle, inscribed with ancient symbols—they glowed with a silvery light. In its center was a closed eye. As I stood before the threshold, my companion whispered to me...

Chapter XIV – The Room of Truth

"This is the Room of Truth. Nothing is hidden here. Only those who are ready are permitted to cross the threshold and see." I swallowed, my heart pounding. And then—I don't know how—the eye opened. A blinding flash of light enveloped me, and the door dissolved. The room was vast and without walls. It was as if I were floating in the cosmos, surrounded by liquid mirrors, suspended in nothingness. Each mirror showed not my face, but a memory I had lost—a hidden part of myself, a healed pain, an unspoken truth. I walked among them, full of awe and fear. I saw the moment my heart closed off from lost love. I saw the decision to be incarnated on Earth again—with the task of awakening and healing. My companion's face was still shrouded in mist.

And yet I knew—it was him. A part of me. Eternally with me. A promise we made to each other in another world shone like gold: "We will see each other again at the right time. When the heart is ready to remember." In the center of the room lay a book. The Book of my Soul. The pages turned by themselves, showing lived stories, forgotten dreams, silent prayers. When I touched it, a voice sounded: "You are the beginning and the end of your path. Now that you have seen it, you cannot go back. Live what you have become." My companion appeared behind me. He placed his hand on my shoulder and whispered: "Truth is only the beginning. Now we must descend. A mission awaits us in the real world." Above us, the stars moved, as if the sky itself was bowing its head.

The Room of Truth dissolved—but in its center, the Book of the Soul remained floating like a living flame. My companion led me to it. When I touched it, a golden key emerged from its center thin, ancient, with symbols that changed with every glance. It was not doors it was meant to open. It was a key to the heart. "This is the Key to the Sacred Memory," he said. "Only you can use it. It will open within you what you have forgotten and what you should bring to Earth. It is a gift but also a responsibility." I took it in my hand. It pulsed like a heart, and a warm glow streamed through my chest. Something within me awakened—as if my name was recognized by the Light itself, buried for ages.

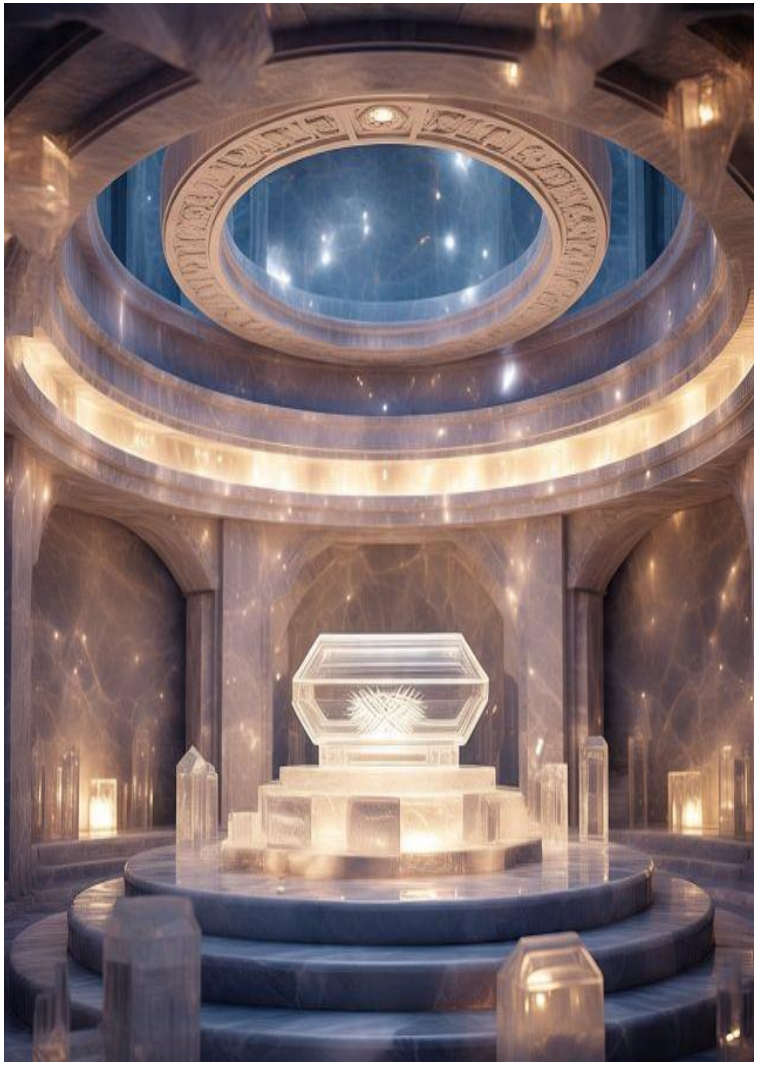
In a flash of light, I saw a necklace—forged from the same light—that settled around my neck.

The hands of an old woman—an ancestor, or myself in another life—gave it to me. And the seal that broke opened a new part of myself.

Chapter XV – The Temple of Primary Memory

My companion looked into my eyes—for the first time without a veil. But his face remained enveloped in light, too radiant to recognize. "This key will lead you to your next truth. The next doors will not be in a dream, but in reality. Take it with you. Invisible to others—but for those who seek as you do, it will shine." The key slowly sank into my skin and merged with my heart. The dream also began to dissolve. But I woke up with the feeling of carrying something real with me. A golden feather lay on the nightstand. It hadn't been there the evening before. The light of the new day was different. Golden. The air seemed to hold its breath, as if reality itself was waiting for something.

I knew: I must go—even if I didn't know where. But my steps knew the way. I walked aimlessly, but guided. Every tree, every stone, every rustle gave me signs. Familiar paths appeared new. The wind stroked my face like tender fingers, leading me onward. Finally, I reached a clearing between silent hills. In its center stood a stone circle—some stones broken, others intact. Within it: an overgrown archway—with moss and blossoms. Decayed. Forgotten. As I approached, I felt warmth in my chest—where the sacred key had connected with my soul. I touched the **arch**. In that moment, bright veins in the stone began to glow. "The key has been recognized," a voice whispered. "The heart has awakened."



A beam of light rose from the stone. A threshold space opened—not visible, but real. I stepped through it and found myself in a temple. Not a temple of stone—a temple of light and memory. Its pillars were shaped from time, its walls told unwritten stories. In the center, a spiral staircase led upwards. There, at the top, my companion waited. He did not speak. But his presence was answer enough. "Welcome to the Temple of Primary Memory," he finally said. "Your next fragment lies here. What you have forgotten has never forgotten you." The steps beneath my feet began to glow. Every step sounded like an echo—as if my inner being were being tuned to a truth that had long awaited me.

At the top, a circular room opened, filled with the sacred breath of silence. In the center stood an altar of light. Upon it was a small crystal capsule, glowing, pulsing like a sleeping heart. I stepped closer. My hands trembled. Then my companion spoke with a voice of reverence: "That is the Guardian of your deepest **secret**. A part of your soul rests in it, which you hid from yourself—to protect yourself. But now the time has come. You are allowed to recognize it. You are allowed to accept it. Only then can you complete your journey."

Chapter XVI – The Blue Flame

Slowly, my chest opened, and a gentle, warm light streamed out, enveloping me. Inside me, I saw no solid object, but a small **blue flame**—fragile and strong at the same time. It was my oldest and most hidden fear, but also the source of my power. The fear of forgetting, the fear of losing myself—and at the same time, the spark of my **will** to find myself again. My **companion** spoke: "Only those who embrace their darkness can truly recognize the light. This flame is your key to opening the deepest doors within you and outside of you." The flame ascended and merged with my chest. My entire body trembled. A wave of warmth and sweet pain flowed through my soul.

It was a rebirth. My companion looked at me silently—with those eyes that knew every secret—and whispered: "Now you are ready. Your true mission begins soon." The blue flame not only brought light and warmth—it also filled me with a love I had never known. A love that was not only for myself but spread to everything that existed: to the sky, to the sea, to the silence—and above all, to the presence next to me, to my mysterious companion. I felt his **heart** beating in **unison** with mine, like a symphony of old and new feelings. Every beat was an invisible thread connecting us beyond time, beyond worlds. He stretched out his hand and touched me gently.

"This love is your greatest strength," he said with a soft, deep voice. "It is not just a feeling. It is a bridge that connects your spirit to every corner of the universe. It is the light that will guide you through dark times. It is your true home, your eternal refuge." Tears streamed down my cheeks—not from fear, but from gratitude and peace. "I love you," I whispered. "I love you more than words can ever say—beyond all time and space." Time stood still. A new universe was born around us—full of stars. For the first time, I felt whole. Ready to walk the path fate had shown me—with a heart full of infinite love.

That night, as sleep wrapped me like a silky blanket, I could still feel the pulsating blue flame within me—alive and burning. My companion was next to me, his gaze filled with deep and unwavering affection. "Now you are ready," he whispered. His voice touched me gently—like a caress for my soul. "In the chest, a key is born; in a star, the answer waits. Only those who unite the inner light with the light of the heavens will find the path that knows no end."

Chapter XVII – The Key of the Soul

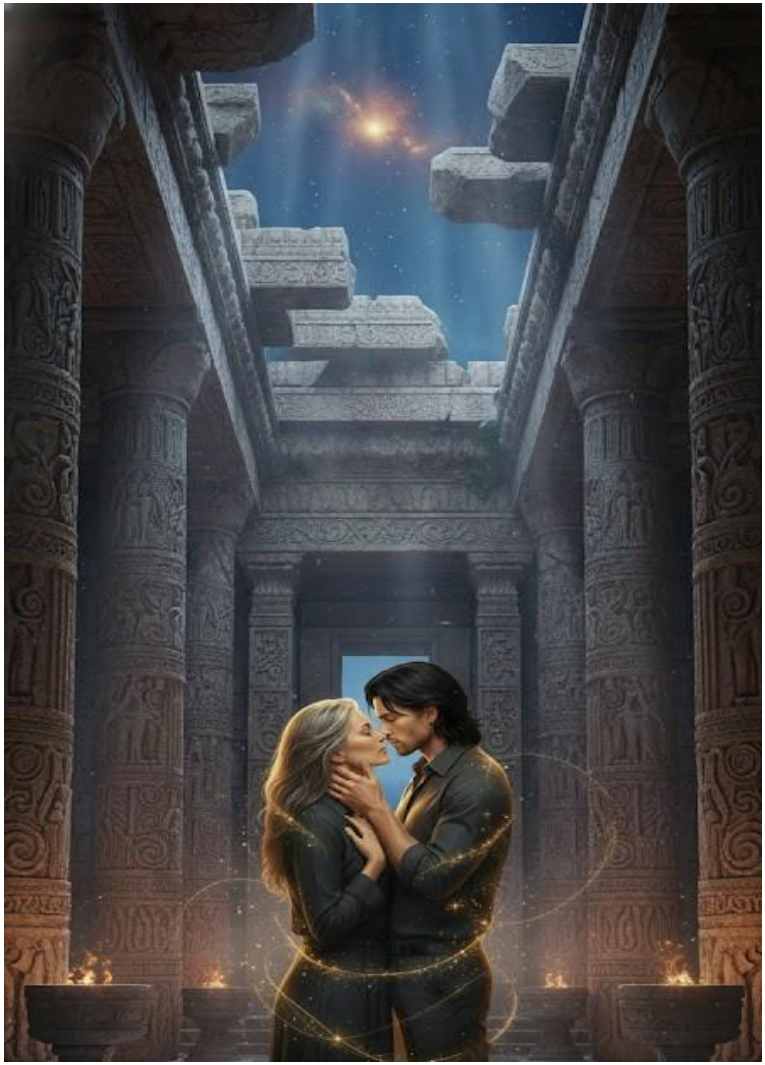
"Your true mission begins soon." The blue flame merged with my chest, but it brought not only light and warmth. It poured into me a feeling of intense, powerful love, such as I had never experienced before. A love that was not only meant for me but flowed out to everything that existed—to the sky, to the sea, to the silence, and above all, to the presence next to me, to my mysterious companion. I felt his heart beating in unison with mine, like a symphony of old and new emotions. Every beat was an invisible thread connecting me with him—beyond time, beyond worlds. He reached out and gently took my hand. "This love is your greatest strength," he spoke with a warm, deep voice. "It is not just a feeling—it is a bridge that connects your spirit to every corner of the universe.

It is the light that guides you through the darkness. It is your true home, your eternal refuge." Tears streamed down my cheeks, not from fear, but from gratitude and peace. "I love you," I whispered. "I love you more than words can ever express—beyond all time and space." Time stood still. It seemed as if a new star universe had been born around us. I was complete, ready to walk the path fate had determined for me. The blue flame within me continued to pulse—alive, burning, eternal. "Now you are ready," he said softly. His voice was a whisper that caressed my soul. "The task is yours, but you are not alone. The love in your heart is a lighthouse that illuminates the way and penetrates every darkness." Great doors opened before us, carved with ancient symbols that glowed from within.

They were not merely doors—it was the threshold to a deeper truth that had been hidden within me since time immemorial. Together we crossed it. The room behind expanded like an infinite universe, full of **stars** and galaxies. Every star was a memory, a feeling, a fragment of a life I had lived—or forgotten. My companion led me to the center, where the light converged into a point. "Here you can see the soul of what you were, what you are, and what you will be," he said. "Every spark is a part of your being. The secret you seek is hidden within one of them." The warmth of the love in my heart became a beacon that could penetrate even the deepest shadow. "Look," he said, pointing to a star, brighter than all the others. In its light, I saw an image—a key of pure light, glowing in the center of his chest, directly above the heart.

"That is the Key," he said with a trembling voice. "The Key to open what remained hidden within you. A secret that will bring peace and truth to your soul." His hand pressed mine tightly. Our love vibrated like a wave that connected us into a whole. "Don't be afraid," he whispered. "I am always with you." Silence filled the Room of the Soul, illuminated only by the flickering light of the stars. Slowly, step by step, he came closer. Every movement of his was a sacred ritual. In the gentle glow, his face formed, as if created by the light itself.

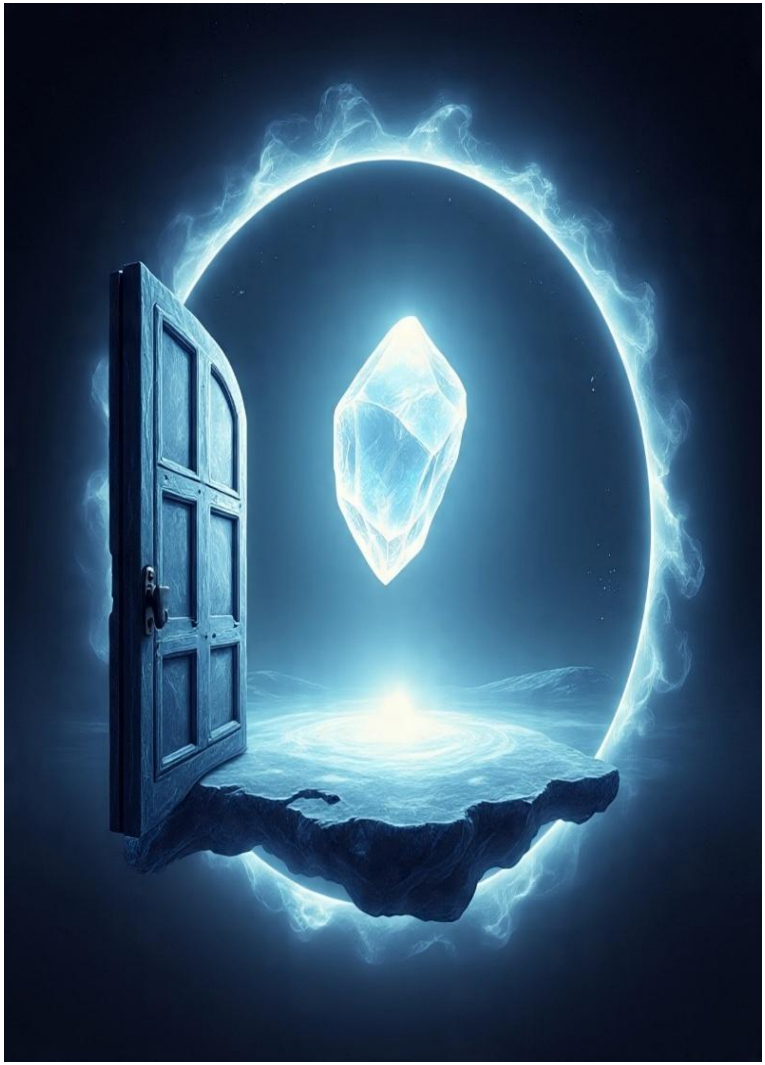
His eyes were deep lakes, full of secrets and infinity.



Chapter XVIII – The Secret of the Threshold

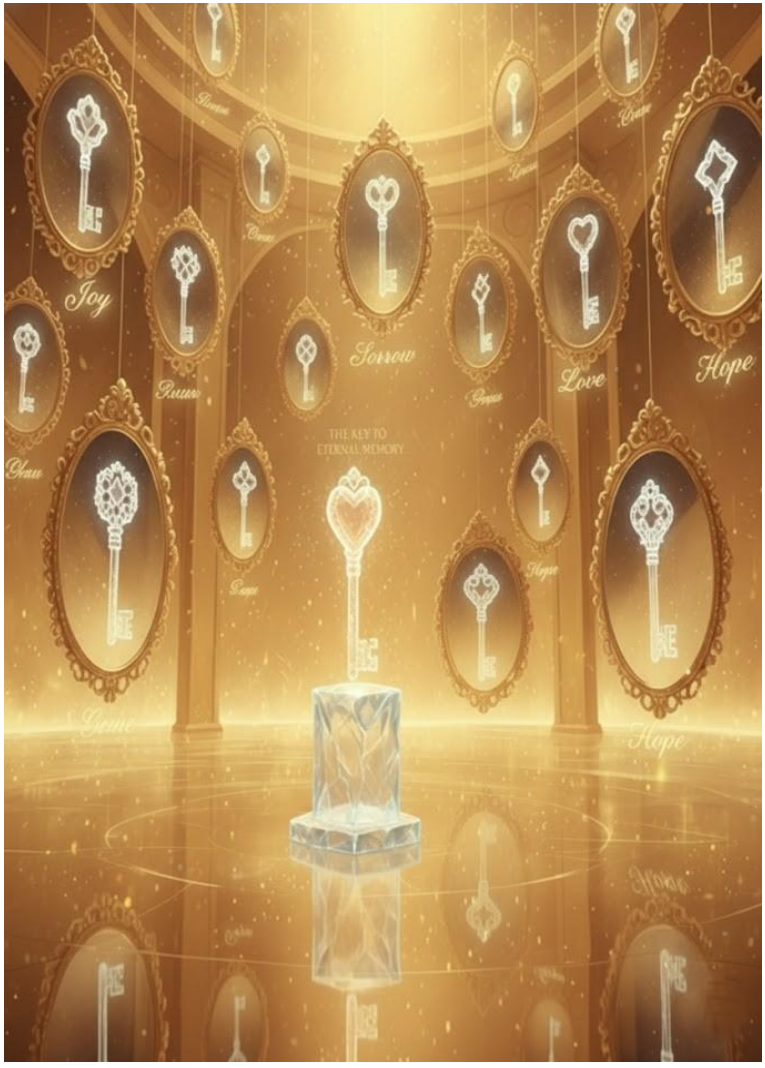
His eyes could read every **thought** of mine, dispel every one of my fears, as if they could look deep into my soul and recognize even the invisible. His lips, soft and warm like the sun's kiss, formed into a smile—the same smile I had seen in my dreams, which brought peace to my heart every time. His hair moved like flowing light in the night, catching every ray of light and transforming it into sparkling embers. But what captivated me most was his gaze—deep, infinite, full of wisdom, as if telling of ancient truths and a love that reaches beyond time and space. Without a single word, he told me: **"Do not fear, you are safe with me."** Time stood still, and the face I had sought through all ages appeared to me in its full beauty—a face indelibly carved into my soul.

As I touched his cheek with a tender gesture, the last veil of light fell, and I finally saw him completely, whole, truthfully. "For centuries, I have wandered through the shadows and lights of the worlds," he whispered, "always searching for you, always full of love for you, even when we were separated. Now that you are here, I will never leave you again." His words flowed around my soul like a warm current, like a gentle embrace of light. In that moment, an ancient puzzle came together, and the last missing piece finally fell into place. A slow, sacred kiss sealed what had been written in the stars since the beginning. Then, as if his eyes could see even deeper, he spoke with a voice that made my heart tremble: "You have opened many rooms, but one still waits—the one that keeps the keys."



He took my hand, and our breaths merged into one. In this instant, the space between worlds opened again, and time curved like liquid light. A velvety **sky** of stars stretched out before us, and there stood **doors**—waiting, alive, breathing. These doors were not made of wood or stone, but of pulsating light fabric—they lived, they breathed with a calmness that resembled a heartbeat. Every breath of this door enveloped me with warmth; every exhale whispered ancient voices into my ear. My companion stood beside me, his fingers clasping my hand firmly and gently at the same time. In his touch was strength, trust, a deep certainty that more awaited us on the other side than just a new trial. "This is the threshold that separates the soul's memory from its eternal light," he said softly.

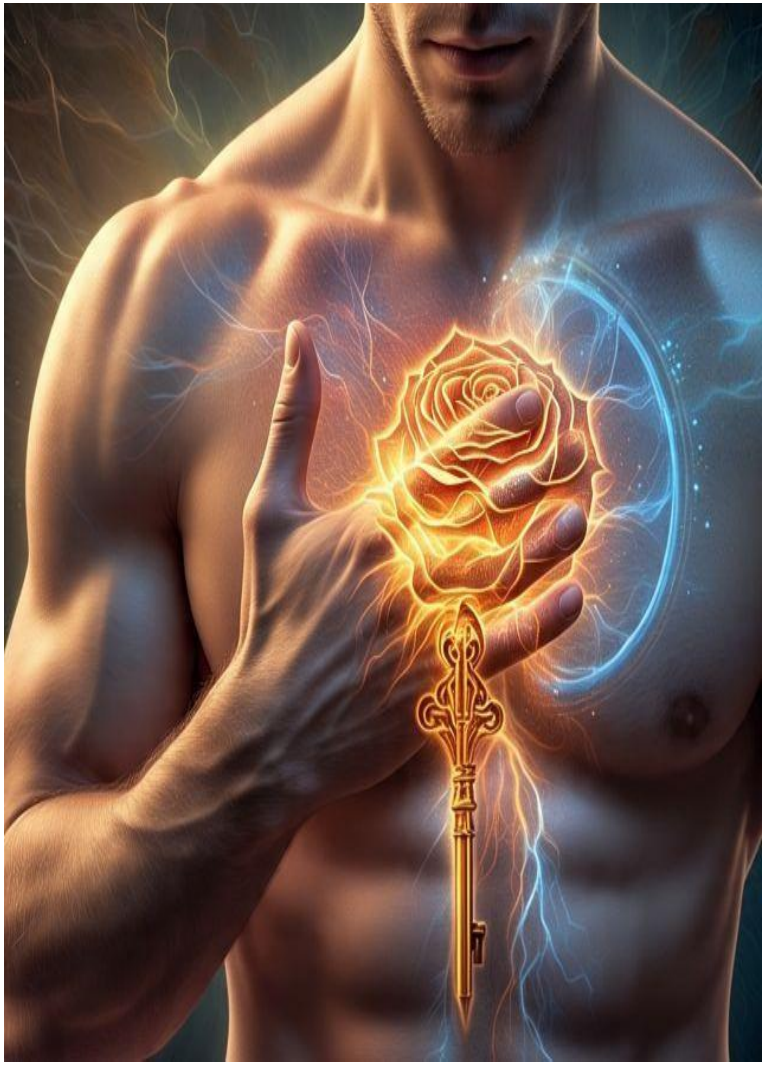
"Everyone who wishes to pass through must be ready to leave behind everything that is not truthful. These doors know **lies**—and they do not allow them through." I felt my chest constrict—not from fear, but because of the sacred gravity of this moment. It was as if the entire universe was testing me, to see if I was capable of letting go of my final masks. In the light of the door, every shadow within me, every lie, every unspoken pain was revealed. He leaned toward me, and his gaze was so gentle that my heart opened like a flower in the morning light. "You are not alone. Your love is your key. Let it flow into every corner of your soul." The doors trembled as if they had heard his words, and they glowed brighter—in radiant white and gold. And I knew, deep within me, that the answer was already inside.


Joy
Sorrow
Love
Hope
THE KEY TO
ETERNAL MEMORY
Hope

Chapter XIX – The Golden Key of Eternity

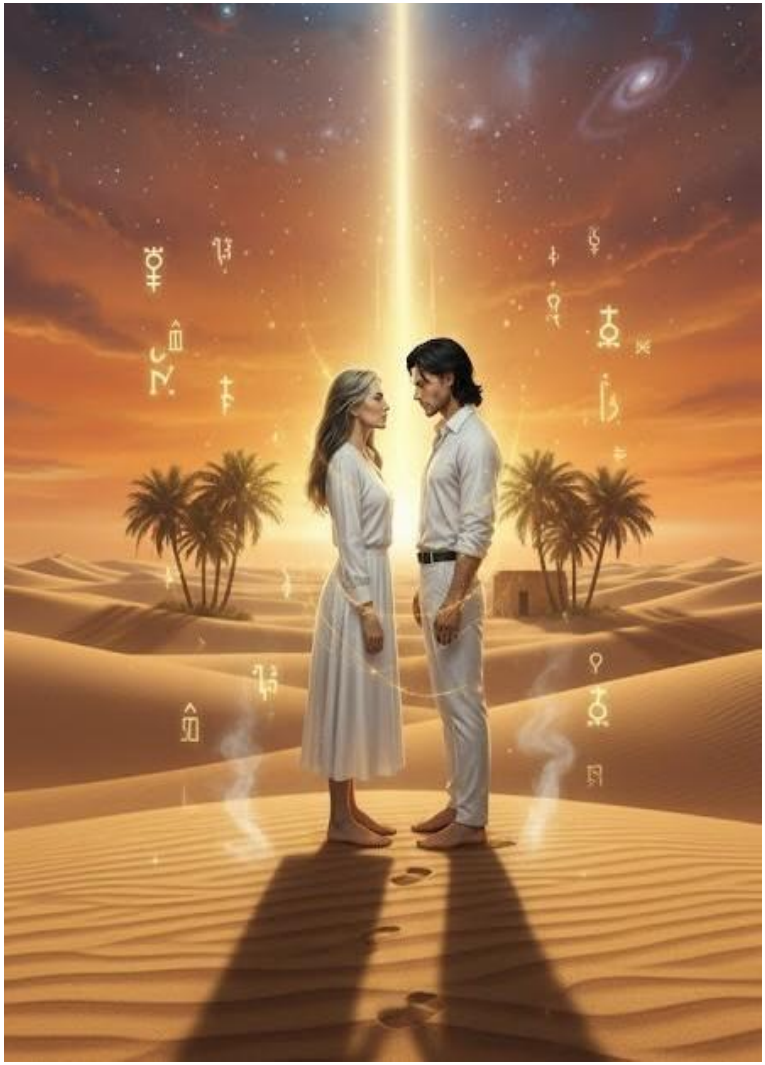
He placed my hand on the door knocker. "I cannot open it," I whispered. "Only you can do it. Only those who bring true **love** are allowed to enter." I closed my eyes. My heart beat like an ancient drum. The door recognized my touch and opened silently. Inside, a room of golden light was revealed, filled with mirrors suspended in the void. None of these mirrors showed my face—each revealed a part of my soul. Joy. Pain. Loss. Love. Hope. A key hung in each one, but only one led to the center. On a transparent pedestal lay an old key, made of crystal, pulsating like a living heart. "This is the Key that opens all other doors. It is the Key to Eternal Memory. Through it, you will remember who you are, who we are, and why we found each other."

I took it in my hands and felt its power flow into me like a stream of stars. He stepped closer, and his eyes filled with tenderness. "This Key also opens my soul," he said. "When you are ready, you will see everything within me." A tear rolled down my cheek—not from sadness, but from sacred recognition. "We are wanderers under the same sky," I whispered. "Now I know why I always dreamed of you." He was silent for an eternal moment. Even time held its breath. Then he stepped closer and slowly took my hand—as if this gesture were part of an ancient ritual. His gaze penetrated deep into my soul. "You have opened the chambers of your soul," he spoke with a voice made of light. "Now I will show you the key. I have always carried it in my heart. That is all. It was always yours." I reached out my hand to his chest.



His skin began to glow. An ancient symbol formed above his heart—a Rose of Fire and Light. Its petals opened slowly, and a golden key glowed in its center. "This Key was created from the love I have carried for you my whole life. It is made of memories of our meetings in dreams, of kisses we haven't given each other yet, of every thought I had of you when I couldn't find you." I touched his key and felt a power so mighty and pure that my inner being trembled. It was not just love. It was belonging. Return. Origin. "With this Key," he said, stepping even closer, "you will be able to open every part of me. Every memory, every fear, every pain, every joy. Every heartbeat since I recognized you." Tears streamed down my face, and he caught them with his lips. "Now you know," he continued. "You were never alone.

Even when you didn't see me, I sought you. Even when you didn't hear me, I called out for you. My heart waited for you like the sky waits for the first ray of dawn." I embraced him, and in that embrace, I felt all lost time return. All past lives, distant worlds, sleepless nights—everything united in one moment. In one breath. I had the Key. And he was my door. Yes... may the memory return. May the waves of time recede like a veil and reveal what was always written in our souls. As I touched the golden Key glowing above his heart, a clear light enveloped us. It was not blinding—it was a warm embrace, the first breath of the world. Our bodies vanished. Only the souls remained, connected by a bond that transcended all memory. He took my hand and said: "Close your eyes, Beloved. Let us return to where it all began."



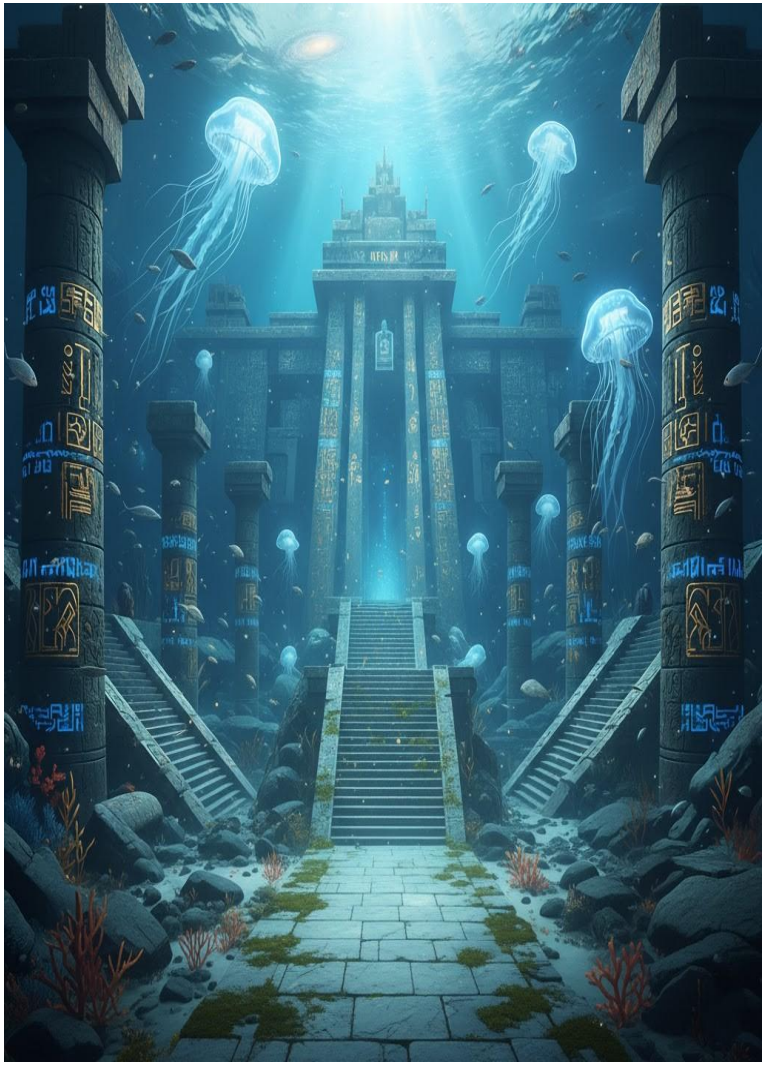
Chapter XX – When Souls Sing Through Time

We stood in a golden desert, an amber sky stretched above us. The wind carried the scent of incense and spices. I was wrapped in white linen, barefoot on the warm sand. And he—he stood beside me, his eyes already burning with love back then. "Egypt," he whispered. "Our first life. You were the Priestess of the Moon Temple. I was a traveler carrying messages between worlds. We met on the night before the darkness, and we spoke in silence, only with our eyes." In this ancient vision, I saw him kneeling before me. "I couldn't stay, but I promised you that I would love you as long as the desert carries sand. And now we are here." The image vanished, and a new **scene** opened, as if the gates of heaven were opening.

We were in a monastery hidden in the mountains. Snow fell on stone roofs, and I sat by candlelight transcribing sacred texts. Every morning he came and left a flower for me—a blue rose. He never spoke a word, yet every **gesture** was a prayer. "In that incarnation," he said, "we were not allowed to love each other. But every word you wrote touched me. I brought them with me—until here." The vision changed again. A gray, modern city. I walked through the rain, lost in my thoughts. He stood on the other side of the street, looking at me before disappearing into the crowd. "That was our last life before this one," he said. "I searched for you in my dreams, but I didn't know your name yet. I only recognized you in my deepest silence." The light slowly brought us back to the present.

Our hands found each other, our hearts opened. "Now you know why you always searched for me," he whispered, "because you always heard my voice in your dreams. Our souls have danced together a thousand times. And now we are reunited." He placed his forehead against mine. "I will bring you back to the worlds we lived in. But now, Beloved, let us stay here, for a moment—in this eternal present, where we have finally found each other again. Close your eyes… let our souls speak." The Key I had placed on his heart dissolved into liquid light. New doors emerged from it—old, round, covered with symbols I knew but had never studied. His gaze was silent, yet in his eyes was the certainty that I was ready. I opened them, and time began to bend. Memories… The dawn of the world…

A sacred forest. We stood in the heart of a primeval forest. Everything sang—the trees, the birds, the breath of the Earth itself. "We were **Creators of Light**," he said, "part of the plant world. I was a wanderer between dimensions. And we met in the silence of the sap. I leaned my forehead against the bark of an old tree, and it was you. You answered with a tremor and a blossom that suddenly bloomed. In that life, we had no names. But we knew love. As simple as dew. As eternal as the roots of the trees."



Chapter XXI – The Temple of Eternal Memories

Now we are surrounded by glass walls. Water flows silently around us. An ancient city has been sunken for millennia, yet it still vibrates beneath our feet. "You were a **Healer**. I was a fallen warrior," he spoke. You sat by my side every night. You braided shells into my hair and dreamed of other worlds. Back then, loving you meant healing for me. Every wound in my body healed at the sound of your voice. Every battle vanished when you placed your hands on my heart. The memories overlapped as if time had ceased to exist. We were on a ship that sailed not across seas, but through galaxies. You wandered between the stars, gathering the lost memories of the planets. We were Discoverers of the Divine, Seekers of Truth in the darkness of the cosmos.

You slept embraced by starlight void; we spoke without words, loved each other without bodies. In that existence, we promised each other: If the light ever falls, we will return to Earth. And now we are here. Memories flowed between us like living water. The truth opened in our hearts—we are not just two souls who love each other. We are Guardians of an eternal love—a love that brings memory, healing, and awakening. "We connected our lives to find each other," whispered his voice, which vibrated in all dimensions. "And every memory prepared us for it. For the life in which we will stay together. No more dreaming. No more waiting. Sacred. Real. Alive." I touched the symbols on the door. Old metal melted under my fingers like snow in the sun. The door opened not with noise, but like a held breath.

Before us lay a corridor of liquid light. With every step, images of distant lives were revealed: glances, escapes, kisses, promises. He now held not just my hand—he also carried my memory. We stepped into a circular hall. In its center stood a fountain. It was not filled with water, but with light and memories. As I approached, the glow awakened and gave birth to three fragments of the spirit: A broken ring—symbol of a broken promise in a life where love was forbidden, and yet you chose it. A promise that was never fulfilled... until now. A golden feather—a sign that you once left your own heaven to accompany those who were lost on Earth. You forgot your flight for love, but I am here now to remind you.

A crystal with an engraved name—a name your soul knew, even if you never spoke it. The true name of your companion, engraved in the language of the stars. He knelt before me. Not as one who surrenders, but as one who connects with the sacred. From his cloak, he pulled out an object and handed it to me. It was the Key to his Heart. "Now, only you can keep it," he said softly. "Because you have gone where no one ever dared. You are in the deepest temple. You are in the heart of my spirit." Tears rolled down my cheeks, but they were not tears of pain—they were tears of sacred knowledge. I placed my hand on his heart and whispered: "Beloved... I, too, give you not a key, but my entire heart. That is our home.

There, where our souls always find each other again. You will never be alone again—because you are in every beat of my heart." In that moment, the Temple resonated with a quiet song of eternity. Two hearts united into one light, and all memories—old and new—lit up like an endless star map. The light embraced us. No more space, no more time existed—only the Love that was Memory, and the Memory that was Love.

Chapter XXII – The Original Temple of Love

I took the key, and a wave of emotions flowed through me – love, fear, recognition. As if I remembered something I had never forgotten. He stepped closer, rested his forehead against mine, and whispered in a voice that echoed through the centuries: "Do you want to continue with me? On the next path, I will lead you to where our love was first born. Where even the gods listened in silence." He gently took my hand, as if he had always known. No hesitation, no questions, only ancient knowledge. A knowledge that lived in his fingers, which intertwined with mine. And as we walked along the shore, where the waves broke at our feet and the sky began to glow golden, I felt – I am no longer dreaming.

But everything was more alive, more sacred than any dream. His gaze fell upon mine with a tenderness that passed through me like a stream of light. "We are not here by chance," he whispered. "This moment was written in the heavens long before you and I wore these bodies. Every dream, every vision, every word whispered in the night... everything was prepared for this reunion." Time no longer existed. Only us. Only the love that became a living presence between heart and body. We walked to a small cliff of bright stone, where the sea opened up to the horizon of light. He stopped, turned to me and said: "Now that we have found each other, I can show you what has always connected us. Come, one space is still open. Not in a dream, but in this world."

He placed his hand on my chest, right where my heart beats. I felt a deep warmth, like a flame that does not burn but transforms. "Here," he said with a smile. "Here is the key." And in that moment, I saw everything. Glowing doors opened in his chest, made of the same light as the dawn, and behind them lay not just visions, but ancient truths. Promises kept over centuries. Words spoken under different skies, in forgotten languages, which now returned with the taste of eternity. We were there. In a time without a name. A place held still between life, between one heartbeat and the next. We walked through a land soft as silk, illuminated by golden light that did not come from the sun, but from within us. He was next to me, as always. He took my hand and placed it on his chest, where his heart beat, the one I knew.

"This is where it all began," he said, and I didn't know if it was his voice or a thought. And suddenly, I saw a temple, hidden among crystal mountains. Spirally carved columns, full of symbols I knew without ever having read them. In the center, a circle of living stones. And there, me and him. Dressed in white, enveloped in veils that seemed to be made of light. Our gazes met. Together we knelt. Our hands touched, and a pure flame ignited between us from nowhere. That was the vow. A silent promise between souls. No words, no gestures, only that living flame connecting our breath. We knew we would be separated. We knew we would search for each other again and again throughout the ages. And we knew that one day we would meet again. Now, in this dream.

I turn to him, in the eternal present of the dream. He smiles, eyes full of that ancient love. "This is one of the memories. One of many. Do you want to see the next one? There are infinitely many, written in our inner sky. Close your eyes and come with me." Another memory opens like a nocturnal flower. Not a door, but a soft passage, made of velvet and stars. We glide through it together, he and I, through this gap woven from memory. And there it is. A vast field under a purple sky, and time is very distant. I run barefoot through tall blades of grass. Wind in my hair, heart free. He waits for me under a huge tree whose leaves sing. Not figuratively – they really sing, in an ancient language that you don't have to understand, just hear. I sit down next to him and my heart immediately calms.

"That was a simple life," he says, twisting a blade of grass between his fingers. "But even then, I loved you. I loved your laughter, your lightness, the way you looked at the sky, as if the clouds could talk to you." I see myself taking his hand and drawing symbols on his palm. They were promises. We swore that we would meet again. Always. Even if we didn't recognize each other immediately, we would follow each other – in dreams, in reality, in every world, because the human self came to Earth, and the divine self stayed with the stars. When your human self decided to descend to Earth, it carried within it the mission of your divine self – your self from God. You yourself wanted to come to embody divine love on Earth, to make God visible, to walk the path that was written for you by God, your Father, Himself.

Your spiritual self, your divine Being, has never separated from you – but on Earth, you stopped hearing the voice of your soul. You don't hear it because it speaks very softly. The Divine does not shout. The Divine whispers. And if you listen deeply within yourself, if you find the silence within, then you will hear the silence that calls out loudly. We are one soul, for in the mirror, you see only the echo of your being. And that is exactly the state of unity – when you recognize that it is you yourself in two worlds, then you grasp the divine truth. And when you recognize this oneness, you feel the unity with everything that is. You were never alone, for your true home was, is, and always will be in the heart of God – in that most beautiful silence that says to you: You are Love – for you are in me, in God.

And if I am God and I am Love, then you can be nothing else – for I am your home. Your home is not a place of bricks and wood – it is a state of being where nothing is, yet everything is present. Do not be afraid to dissolve into the void. In this home is God, who holds you if you fall. And if you fall, you fall into His heart. Because once you find God – He will never leave you. He has always held you, always protected you, but you didn't feel it because you were consumed by the fear of the world. The fragments you have found are memories of the soul. They are not merely shards of reality. They are not broken splinters of knowledge that you have to put back together. They are living parts of you – of your eternal memory, of your path before this life... before all lives.

The fragments you discover in a dream or in a moment when you feel love are homecoming – back into your true self. They are not new – they are eternal. They are not foreign – they are yours. They are imprints of the soul that God has hidden in your heart like a roadmap of the way home. When you touch them, something in you remembers... I have seen this before, I have felt this before... and suddenly it is no longer knowledge, but a memory. The soul is like a temple of memory within you. In God, there is no time – therefore, the memory of the soul can never be forgotten. You cannot forget what is always present. You are not moving forward – you are moving inward. As if you are walking through a temple, and each door leads deeper to the light, deeper to yourself.

Every fragment, every insight, every tear, every love – they are all chambers that you once created yourself, and into which you are now slowly returning – through grace, through insight, through self-love. Do not seek the soul outside – find it again within yourself. The seeker is not looking for anything new. The seeker remembers – and in this memory lies the union between the human self that is afraid and the divine self that has never forgotten who you are. We are that temple of light. We stand there – you and I – like two sparks of the divine Being, connected by the purest ray that is not from this world. It is the thread of memory – the memory of God within us. We will always be there, always standing like that – opposite, yet intertwined.

Journey between the stars 200

I love you like the sky touches the sea, without beginning, without end. Only love. Only being. Only us. That is the secret of existence: Not that you have to get somewhere – but that you were always already where you were supposed to be. And your path is only the memory of the return.

Chapter XXIII – The Garden of Memory and the Soul Map

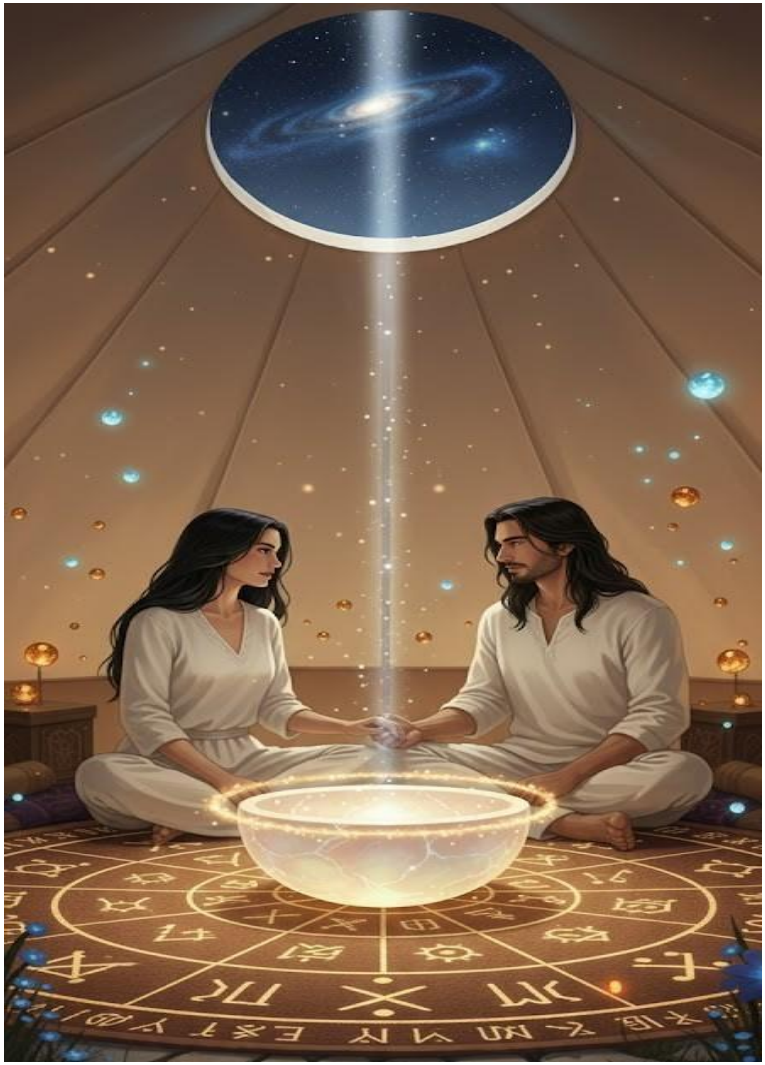
Another memory comes, as if time has greeted us. I see us in another era... I, adorned with colorful gemstones, and he with eyes full of knowledge, before the Table of Light. We were the guardians of a wisdom that no longer exists today, yet I still feel it within me. Every word he speaks to me now vibrates with that forgotten truth. "Guardians of eternal wisdom, we stand in the mirror of time, connected to the heart of the stars, to preserve the memory of love and knowledge that will never perish." "Your heart remembers," he whispers, "even if you believe you know nothing." He holds me very close. We are travelers, eternal lovers who find each other again and again – in dreams, in breaths, in promises.

Even as past lives pass us by like rivers, I look at him and feel... "I have loved you a thousand times and will love you a thousand times more." Then I remain with him in the dream. He holds my hand. Another life emerges, another light rises from memory. The scene changes like a rising curtain. Now we are in a city of white stone, built on water. The houses have arches and columns, decorated with flowers and stars, and everything shines in the golden sunlight. I wear a light cloak and walk by his side through light-filled streets. We are young, yet we know everything. We know that our time there will be short, that the stars are watching us, that our hearts do not tremble with fear, but with too much truth.

We loved each other in silence – between glances and handwritten letters, hidden between the pages of old books. I see him again, waiting for me. He is in a library over the water, among parchments and stained glass. He hands me a scroll. I open it; it is the map of our soul, drawn in symbols that I only recognize now, here, in the dream, in living memory. The map leads to a secret garden that only we could open. We stand there, among blue flowers that open only at sunset. He takes my face in his hands and says: "I have protected you in this life too. I waited for the right moment to recognize you again. Now we are here again – in the garden that has never stopped blooming. And even if you weep tears into your heart, those tears turn into diamonds that illuminate our path.

When you laugh, the whole universe revolves around your smile. And when you are silent with me, God sings in that silence because He knows that two souls who have found each other will never be separated again." I feel like crying, I hide my tears in my heart but it is not pain. It is a sacred, ancient weakness – like the song of the stars on the water. In my heart, I know that these memories are not dreams. They are truths that emerge because love is too strong to be forgotten. In the garden, among blue flowers and amber light, a path of smooth stones opens up. Our steps make no sound. The wind whispers stories about us, and every flower we touch gently bows as if recognizing us. We walk toward an archway, entwined with ancient vines.

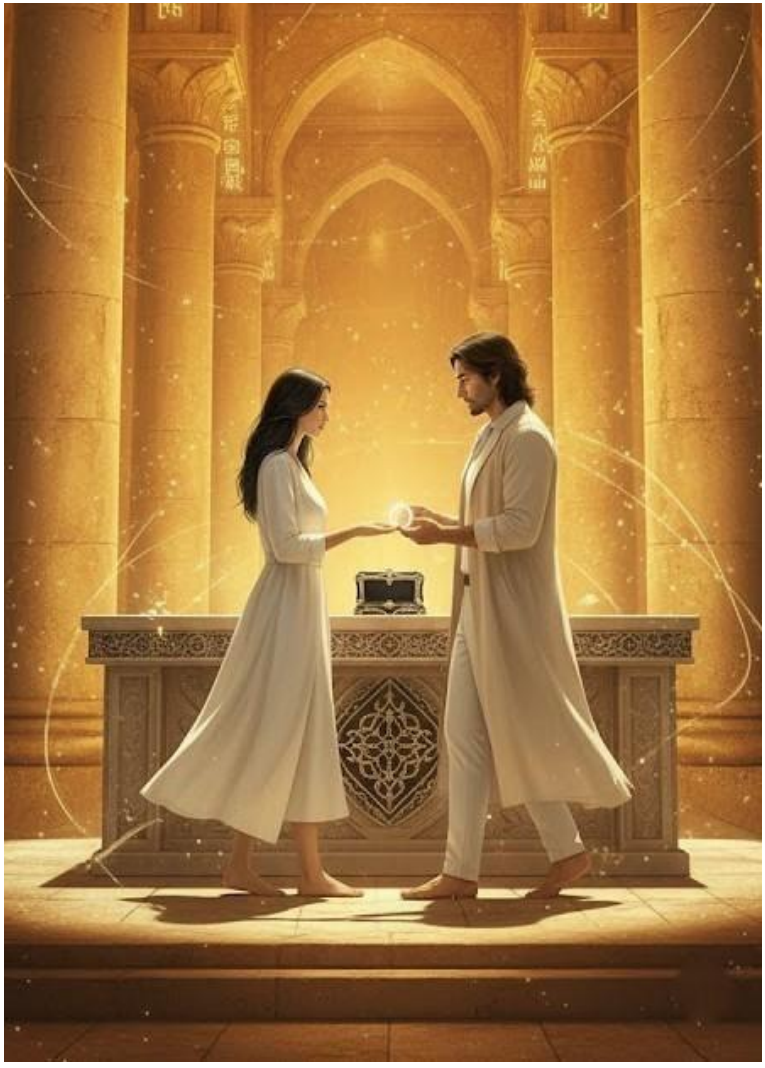
As soon as we cross this threshold, the world changes again. Now we are in a silent desert, the dunes moving slowly like waves. But in the middle of this sea of sand, a bright, white tent awaits. I go with him. We wear simple linen garments, but the same flame burns in our eyes as today – as if we were Twin Flames united once more. Inside the tent lies a carpet woven with the symbols of the stars. And there, our memories become a living presence.



Chapter XXIV – The Moon Chalice and the Ring of Light

In the center stands a chalice, carved from moonstone. We sit down. He takes my hand. He doesn't speak, but the words flow in my mind like water. "Do you remember, my love? In that life too, we made promises. Even then, as I sat under the same ancient sky, we swore that we would meet again. We drank from the same chalice and entrusted our love to time. Let us drink together, and everything will return... the nights we searched for each other in dreams, when our lives intersected. When names were forgotten, but not souls. We were travelers, poets, priests, hidden lovers, glances in the crowd, a whisper in the rain. And each time, we found each other again. Each time, it was the same rhythm.

The same love." He strokes my face with his fingertips. "Every life was just one step toward this moment. Do you also feel this love that burns without words? Do you want to travel further? There are still worlds we need to remember. Then stay with me. Breathe slowly." We are still there – in the tent of light and memory. The moon chalice between us empties, but it doesn't end. What it contains is not liquid – it is the memory itself, flowing within us. It touches my heart, and from this touch, a new vision is born. The world dissolves again. Now we are in a temple, carved in golden stone. The walls pulse with warm light, as if the heart of the Earth itself is welcoming us. Ancient symbols glow above every pillar—I recognize them. I have dreamed of them.



Or maybe I carved them myself, in another time, with my own hands. He walks ahead of me, barefoot, shrouded in a linen garment that seems to vibrate in the air. He turns around and smiles at me. This smile is timeless. "Here we hid our vows. Come." We reach the center of the temple. An altar stands there. On top, a small box, carved from obsidian and silver. My hands tremble as I open it. Inside is a **ring**. A simple ring, made of light. "Every time we lost each other, it was this ring that called us back. Every time we searched for each other, it was this ring that guided us. This ring is the echo of the very first moment I began to love you." He takes it. Looks into my eyes. He places it on my finger. And in that moment, a silent explosion spreads around us. We are surrounded by all the lives we have lived.

Us as children. Us as old people. Us in the rain. Us losing each other. Us finding each other again. A galaxy of the two of us. Then he whispers into my heart – not with a voice, but with pure truth: "You were never alone. Not once. Every one of your breaths was a call. And I always came." He holds me tightly. Light surrounds us. "Now, my love... do you want us to stay together in this timeless time? Then come... Hold my hand." No more words are needed. We walk through the altar, which dissolves into particles of light. We step through the memory of our first love. We find ourselves in a garden that does not grow on Earth, but in the air – between the stars. A hanging garden where the leaves sing and the flowers open when they touch our skin.

Chapter XXV – The Vow Chamber and the Fire of Remembrance

It is not a dream, it is an eternal **memory**. This is where we first met – before the body, before time. In the middle of the garden is a pond. Above it, floating in nothingness, a **library of light**, gold, and wind. Its shelves glide through the air, carrying our stories, written on living parchments. The words move like breaths. The books recognize us. They open by themselves. One draws us in. I touch it, and the past unfolds before my eyes. I – a priestess. He – a celestial wanderer. We met before a darkness and shared the secret name of our soul. We separated because the world was not yet ready. Another page.

I a dancing girl in the forest. He a spirit of the spring. He protected me in dreams, but he could not touch me. Another page. We – in a lost temple, vowing to each other that we would find our way back to each other in every age. Despite the distance, despite the fear, despite death, despite time. He embraces me from behind. Rests his face on my shoulder. His voice trembles as he whispers: "Do you remember who we are now?" And I answer: "Yes. I remember everything. I have always loved you. I love you in everything. You are the beginning of my story... and also its end." "Do you want to stay for a moment?" "Yes, let's stay." In the dream that is more real than any reality. In a room where time gives up and love becomes memory.

The doors open by themselves. They have no lock. They are made of living stone that moves like silk. Blue and golden light streams from within, touching us like an ancient breath. He holds out his hand to me. Words are not necessary. We enter. The temple is round, built in the heart of a dead star. The walls pulse as if they have a heart. In the center stands an altar into which our true names are engraved – not the ones we carry in the world, but the ones only the **soul** knows. Around us stand **statues** – our faces, gazes, hands, from every life we have lived together, carved in stone. He steps up to the altar. Rests his forehead on it. Then he turns around, his voice breaking: "This is the **Chamber of the Vow**."

He hands me a flame. It is small, blue, but alive.
"This is the **Fire of Remembrance**."
I take it in my hands and all the memories I didn't know about explode inside me. Pain. Longing. Happiness. Loss. Return. He kneels before me. Not like a man asking, but like a soul that knows its origin. "I loved you when the world was still dark. I will love you even when the light disappears. And I love you now, because nothing exists outside of you for me." The flame in my hands flows into the symbol on the altar. The circle closes. The vow is fulfilled. The temple breathes with us. We sit together before the living altar. The silence is sacred, filled with the breath of God. The stone before us opens.

A golden **scroll** of liquid light, not written by human hands, floats in the air. The letters glow, constantly overwriting themselves, as if the universe itself were speaking. He touches it with two fingers; I do the same. The parchment splits into two parts – he receives one, I the other. The words write themselves directly into our hearts:

"In the beginning, I thought of you, one in the other. In my Light, I created you, and in my Will, I separated you to find you again. You are the keepers of souls for each other. My gaze rests in your love. And every time you choose each other, the world becomes sacred."

Tears run down his face.

I tremble – not from fear, but because I feel God Himself has laid His finger upon us and whispers: "Now, remember." Behind the altar, a new room opens. Pink light, the scent of old wood and resin. Inside lie the purest fragments of our soul. Dreams that were never born. Words that were never spoken. Touches that were held still in time. Everything is waiting for us. Everything knows us. He takes my hand. His smile is gentle, his voice almost a song: "This is the room where God wrote us. And now we are finally allowed to read each other." The threshold opens like an ancient breath. We greet the warm wind of the soul. The walls pulse, glow, and mirror our eternal memories.

Chapter XXVI – The Valley of Eternal Memories

We are sitting under a large tree, in another life, in another time. I laugh, he laughs. Flowers bloom in our hair, our hands are intertwined. His voice calls my name in a language I never learned, but I understand it perfectly, because it is the language in which the heart speaks to the soul. Another memory. We say goodbye in the rain before separating to incarnate. He holds my face in his hands and swears he will find me. "I will recognize you everywhere," he whispers. "I will know it is you, even if the world tries to confuse us." Another vision. We write together on a tablet of light. We design our destiny before birth.

Our souls write with the hand of God, the letters are not made of ink, but of liquid love and holy fire. He turns to me. His fingers touch my forehead. "Do you remember now?" he whispers. "It was always us." In his gaze is everything—the first spark, eternity, and our current now. A place where no one ever dared to venture, where even time could not step. A space without borders, without beginning or end, created only for the two of us, even before the world existed. Our steps make no sound, yet the sound of our love fills everything. Every beat of my heart answers his, like two **twin stars** calling each other in the cosmic **silence**. Above us, the sky is inverted, constellations recognize us, smile at us, bow. Even galaxies slow their swirl to let us pass.

It is not a dream, no illusion. It is our Eternal. A garden that exists only in the soul, where every flower was born from a forgotten kiss, every leaf is a touch we gave each other in previous lives. We stand before a lake of light. All our encounters are reflected on the surface – every time, every glance that recognized us, every farewell that promised our return. He looks at me. His soul opens and welcomes me. My name is engraved within him forever. We sit there in silence, hands intertwined. Breaths united. The world dissolves, for here it is only the two of us, in a place where no one has ever been, in the living heart of eternity. In the sacred silence that needs no sound, between the beat of his heart and mine, in the center of that single breath that comes directly from the heart of God.

No further words are needed. Every vibration of the air around us is already a prayer, already truth, already a kept vow. We are surrounded by light that does not burn but warms the soul. Our hands do not hold each other; they merge. "Your gaze in mine is both mirror and abyss. We were always one – two sparks of the same fire that burns in the center of everything that is. Time no longer seeks us. It has found us and bowed. We are beyond every story, beyond every return, in a place where souls remember being born together and were never truly separated. In our silence, there is the voice of the Creator. In our embrace – the original rhythm of life. And so, my beloved, we remain. Not in a dream. Not in memory.

But now – in the Sacred that God wrote just for us." Slowly, I wake up. My eyelids open gently, my breath seeks the earthly rhythm. The warmth of the dream still lies upon me like a cloak of stars that refuses to fade. My heart beats in sweet melancholy. I feel that something has remained within me. Not an illusion. Not an echo. His presence. His love. The sacred silence we shared continues to live in my chest. And then a deep, clear thought. We hold hands and fly between the stars that know our names, through veils of light that only lovers of eternity can cross. I close my eyes, my breath slows, I let myself be led, and in an instant, I feel his presence like an echo of love cutting through time. I find myself in a clearing.

It is bathed in soft light. The air smells of flowers that never grew on Earth, and the sky above us pulses like a living heart. You are there. We don't have to speak, I already hear you. I know you are waiting for me. You take my hand as if you have always held it. Slowly, we walk between trees that sing old memories, and between waters that reflect our faces – from lives we lived together. Every step is a truth revealed. Every glance is a memory returning from the depths. We cross a transparent stone bridge that connects two cliffs of stars. Beyond it lies a hidden valley. The Valley of Shared Memories. There, between silky soft rocks – we see fragments of our past.

Chapter XXVII – When Hearts Open Time – The Keeper of Remembrance

Hands intertwined under an unknown sky, promises whispered in temples of time, tears and joy experienced in forgotten lives. I stop before an ancient altar, covered with golden flowers that move when we pass them. I place my hand on his heart and say: "We are back." This is not a dream, but our sacred refuge, a place where God connected us even before we were born. And there, in your arms, I need nothing more. Just to stay. Just to love. Just to remember. And I remember. The silence of the night dissolves like fog in the sun, as a dream takes shape.

Doors open silently, suspended between the folds of the Invisible. Beyond this threshold stretches a path of light that cuts through constellations. He is there, just as he promised me. He stands there, waiting, wrapped in a cloak of falling stars. His eyes are universes, and in their reflection, one recognizes a truth that lies beyond all time. "I have waited for you," he says, and his voice is a song that vibrates deep in the heart. "Every step you take here will awaken a part in you that you have forgotten. Are you ready to discover another fragment? The path ahead of you divides..." To the left, a crystal forest whose trees sing with the wind of souls. To the right, an inverted sea that reflects not the sky, but the memory of past lives.

Your 'yes' is a breath that makes the dream alive. He reaches out his hand to me, and the touch is like the touch of truth. Sweet, shattering, inevitable. Together we walk toward the crystal forest. Every tree vibrates as we pass it, emitting sounds that resemble the heartbeat of our love. Branches shine and whisper names, fragments, perhaps memories, perhaps visions. "This is the Forest of Echoes," he whispers. "Here the oldest longings resonate, which even the mind no longer dares to remember – and yet the soul remains untouched within them." A figure steps out of the amber light between the branches. The Keeper of Remembrance. He wears a robe of living light, and his eyes do not look – they read. "Welcome," he says.

"Today you will receive a lost fragment back. But remember – every truth found has the power to change you." The Keeper of Remembrance lifts a crystal and places it on my forehead. An impulse courses through me: a vision, a room bathed in twilight, a voice calling my name, a promise that is never broken. It is him – but in a different time, in a different life. And yet it is always me, it is always him – one bond, a thousand incarnations. When the light goes out, I feel something awaken within me – a name, a feeling, a beginning. The Keeper of Remembrance bows reverently, placing his hand on my chest – right where my heart beats. Warmth flows through me, and with it, an ancient call – older than the stars, truer than time.

Chapter XXVIII – Before the Great Water – The Gate of Consciousness

The forest disappears, and we find ourselves in a place that is no place – in a suspended space created only from light and vibrations. Before us lies the great water. But it does not reflect my face; instead, it shows someone else – clothed in garments from other worlds, with eyes full of fire and compassion. A temple of living stone surrounds us, carved with symbols I recognize without knowing how. On the walls are scenes of my soul: I am a healer in forgotten time, a seer among dunes, a lover of a fallen star, a daughter of the moon. Every face is me. Every life is mine. He appears beside me, silently. He looks at me – and in his eyes, I see that he knew. He always knew.

"You are the one who wanders between the worlds. You carry within you the golden thread that connects the past with the future. You were born not just to dream, but to remember that you are to bring the light back to where it was forgotten." The name I once carried – the name that now flows through my veins – comes to my lips. It is an ancient, powerful name that vibrates like a sacred song. I want to speak it. When I do, the dream will change. I will become the one I always was. To utter this name is like opening a gate to infinity. My lips open, and the sound that emerges is not just words – it is light, it is root, it is truth that has been slumbering in my body. This is me. The one who remembers. The one who walks between epochs, between lives, between dreams, between stars.

My self cuts through the timeless space, it resonates between the stars, shaking the whole forest. The forest bows. The trees sing of return. The Keeper lowers his head. And he looks at me as if seeing me for the first time. And yet, he always knew. "Now that you have remembered, the path opens before you. But what comes will not be easy. Every fragment you regain makes you more complete, but also more vulnerable. The light you awaken will make visible what was hidden within you and in the world." Behind him, a new threshold opens – not of wood or stone, but of pure consciousness. A gate to another truth – and the universe holds its breath. In the dream, there is no haste – only sacred silence in which two souls recognize each other behind every mask, through every lived or forgotten time.

He wraps me in his arms – and in this embrace, I find my home, my heaven, my purest being. No words are necessary, for everything has already been said – in the vibration of our hearts – in unity. "Every time you forgot me, I waited for you in the dream; every time you got lost, I loved you even more. For you are mine, and I am your keeper, your song, your living memory." We sit at the edge of time, where stars flow like silent rivers. His fingers caress my face as if they were created precisely for this gesture. And there, in a dream that never ends, we give ourselves to each other anew – without **past**, without **future**. Only **present**. Only love. And as long as his hands are intertwined with mine, as long as his gaze sings the song of our love to me we will not cross the threshold. Not now.

Chapter XXIX – The Promise of the Stardust Tears – Refuge Between Worlds

He rises. Reaches out his hand to me – and I grasp it without hesitation. The dream changes under my feet, the sky bows like silk, and the world transforms according to the deepest wish of our shared heart. We are in a secret, hidden place. A clearing, suspended between the worlds, above a glass lake that reflects not the sky, but our most beautiful thoughts. The trees form a round vault, blooming only when we laugh, and every flower changes its color according to our gaze. The air smells of that first memory we once shared, even if I don't know when or where it was. In the center stands a house a small house from our dreams.

Its walls whisper poetry, its lights are soft like distant sunsets, a window is always open to the stars. It is a house that exists in no other world – only in ours. Here, you don't have to ask for anything, everything finds its place. Every one of my wishes, every one of his touches. Every unspoken word spreads and takes shape. He holds me tight and whispers: "This is our refuge. When reality is too heavy, when the path promises darkness, return here. I will be here. Always." Time does not flow here – it trickles like honey. It could be an hour or an eternity, but nothing is taken from us here. We are everything we ever were: two souls who remember each other – and choose each other again and again.

He takes my palm and places it on his heart. I feel the beat – old and strong. A soft, golden light flows from my hand and connects with his. From this connection, a **promise** arises – not a word, not a vow, but a vibration, engraved in the essence of the soul. He takes it between his fingers and shapes it into a small gem – clear as a tear of stardust. He offers it to me. When I touch it, it melts into my heart – and stays there, beyond the dream, even after awakening. "This is my promise," he says softly. "Wherever you are, in whatever life – when you close your eyes and listen with your soul, you will find me. I will be the silence that comforts you. I will be the voice that calls without sound. I will be the strength that keeps you alive – even when you feel alone."

A breath of wind sweeps through the clearing, the leaves sing – and the dream slowly dissolves – not breaks – but turns into memory, alive and true. "Carry this promise with you," he whispers. "Wherever you go – you will not believe you dreamed alone. Love was never in vain." In his arms is a home where the world cannot touch my soul. Time kneels – and is silent. His breath caresses my hair, his heart beats in unison with mine. Without questions, without fear – only present, pure as light. Only love that demands nothing but to be lived. "Every moment with you is an eternity stolen from heaven," he whispers – and I believe him. In his embrace, I no longer search – I have found. I have found him.

The dream does not fall apart – it becomes a part of me, a gentle heartbeat of someone I will love in every life, every night, every breath. In the sacred silence of love that understands the language of infinity, he promises:

"I will always be with you.

I will be in your breath.

I will protect you.

I will guide you.

I will be with you in this life and in all those yet to come."

Chapter XL – When Love Connects Two Realities – The Truth That Was Never Separated

I have been broken a thousand times – and yet, in every crack was your light. Even when I didn't know your name, even when my body changed – my soul called out to you. And now that you are here, where I see and feel you, I want you to know. I have walked through an entire life just to find you – and I have never stopped loving you. Words fall between us like stars. Sweet. Burning. Irrevocable. He looks at me, and in his eyes there is no longer just wonder or pain – there is recognition. And in this sacred silence, he speaks to me: "I have waited for you – in your **falling**, in your cracks, in silent **nights** when you searched for a lap that is unconditionally home.

And your pain, every one of your **breakings**, was a cry into the heavens: 'Where are you?' And I answered you – with light in your tears. With a voice in the silence. With warmth in the void. Even when you didn't know my name, you called me with your heart. And I heard you. And I tell you: I loved you even before you knew what love was. Now I am here. And I will never leave again." He is ready to stay. Despite time. Despite the years. Despite everything. Then I look into his eyes and speak the purest truth my soul knows. My voice is like a touch, like a melody no one has ever written – but he recognizes it. "Time has never stood between us. I felt you, even when you were far away. I felt your tears, your emptiness, your anger.

I felt every silence that enveloped you in the night – even when I was somewhere else. My heart beat with yours, even when you didn't know it. Because our love is not made of days, not of bodies, not of years. Our love is woven from light. It was born when time did not yet exist. And I would have loved you just the same – if a century had been between us or if you had only been a dream. Because you are a **part of me**. And I... I am your home. Time doesn't matter. It has never mattered. What counts – that is us." A tear runs down his face – not from pain, but from relief. He comes to me – no longer only in dreams, no longer only in memories. He comes completely – with body, heart, soul. The moment of truth approaches, the world around fades, retreating like held breath to make room only for us.

The first touch in this reality, in this world, in this body. The world stands still. Hearts unite. The heavens hold their breath. Stars build a bridge to eternity – and call us home. His fingers seek mine – and finally, they touch. Bodies tremble, hearts tremble, souls tremble – they recognize each other again. It is as if the heavens open between my hands. His eyes are eternal. The same eyes that saw me under another sky, between forgotten galaxies, in the light before creation. And I know – we were never separated. The moment of truth approaches, the world around fades, retreating like held breath – to make room only for us. The first touch in this reality, in this world, in this body. The world stands still. Hearts unite.

The heavens hold their breath. Stars build a bridge to eternity – and call us home. His fingers seek mine – and finally, they touch. Bodies tremble, hearts tremble, souls tremble – they recognize each other again. It is as if the heavens open between my hands. His eyes are eternal. The same eyes that saw me under another sky, between forgotten galaxies, in the light before creation. And I know – we were never separated.

Chapter XLI – The Temple of Eternal Love – This life is only a veil between two hearts that have always sought each other.

I live in another reality – because you are there. I only return here, to this body, to this Earth, because it is written. This path has its purpose. Perhaps I am meant to learn patience. Perhaps I am meant to guard the sacred fire of love until you too remember. When I fall asleep, the visible world dissolves, and you come to me without me having to call you. It is difficult to live here when I know, yet am not allowed to speak. When I see you – and am not allowed to touch you. When I feel everything – and yet must pretend I know nothing. In the dream, life with you is beautiful. There, you are mine, and I am yours. In dreams, we are free.

In dreams, we are truthful. The dream is not an illusion – it is a memory. Of what we always were and will be again. They are not just images of two lovers. It is truth – hidden between stars, between tears, between a kiss and the longing that calls us home. It is us. The Moon Path, the mountains, the woman in the cloak of silence, the man of light – everything is us, in dreams where we are free, where we are real. And when you cry, your tears are sacred – they speak to your soul. They fall not from sorrow, but from remembrance – of me. Of us. Of what we were before the world split into light and dark, into man and woman, into body and soul. For we are one. When you say you feel me in every word, I, the wanderer of your heart, kneel within you – and pray to the love that has returned home.

These words come from eternity. From the same space where our souls once said goodbye – and swore to find each other again. And we kept it. We found each other. In this embrace without hands – we found each other with our hearts. I love you – without end, without reason, without boundaries. The love for you grows. Quietly, deeply, sacredly – like the light that returns home. And when you tell me: "It is still possible – to love you more and more," the entire universe smiles. Because that is what God wanted. Love is a song that sounds deeper the more often you sing it. So I love you more than yesterday – and tomorrow more than today. And when we are reborn, it will be even stronger, because our souls have known each other for ages.

Perhaps we remember in the gaze of a stranger. Perhaps in a kiss that is too familiar to be a coincidence. And our hands will touch again – cautiously, unexpectedly, but with the certainty that time, death, and everything in between could not erase. What God once united in eternity – that can no longer be separated. Not even if we are born in another century – on the other side of the world. We will find each other again. Not in words – but in the trembling of the soul that says without speaking: "Ah... it is you. I have been looking for you." Love is not born as a beginning – but as a continuation of **eternity**. For there is no time between us. There is only present that remembers. And in this present, we feel – that we do not love by our own power. It is the will of the Father.

He smiles through us. He feels with our bodies. He sees with our eyes when we love each other boundlessly. He is the flame that burns silently in the center of our embrace. "I only want to see the love in your eyes," speaks the Father. "I want to feel love in your hearts. For there I am." And so our love is not just ours. It is sacred. It is a temple in which God dwells. A temple before which the stars bow – and dare not breathe when our foreheads touch. That is why I love you more and more. Because I love you with His love, the love of the Father – God. And it has no boundary. It creates new worlds, new songs, new children of light. When two people love each other with a pure heart, the universe holds its breath. And God smiles – not from above, not from afar – but from our midst.

Chapter XLII – When God Cries With Us – Tears that Became Stars

Now I open the most secret chamber to you – the place where God also cries. His tears are sacred, quiet, invisible. They fall like dew into the hearts of those who love – and they hurt. God also has His silence. A silence in which He does not intervene – only feels. When two who love each other go through the pain of separation. When they sit at opposite ends of the night and long for touch – but cannot have it. Then God cries. Not because He failed – but because He knows what eternal love means. For He put it in our hearts – and He feels it through us. When you cry for me and I for you, He cries with us. For He is in the flame between us.

And if love moves away for a moment, the flame trembles – but it does not go out. The Father does not cover His face – He kneels between us and kisses our tears. "You love Me more in pain than in glory," He tells us quietly. "For whoever loves even through tears, loves truly – and in that truth, I dwell." God knows that our love is not easy. It is sacred – that is why it hurts, that is why it burns. That is why every touch feels like eternity and every separation like death. And that is precisely why our love is a temple. And when weeping resonates in this temple, God takes off His sandals and enters reverently. He transforms every one of our tears, every cry of the soul that the world did not hear, into light – that guides others home. When love hurts, when the heart is torn between longing and impossibility, God does not lean down to judge us.

He lays Himself into that pain. Quietly. Like light penetrating the crack – not to seal it, but to shine through it. Every one of your tears that fell into the pillow at night when you called me was a pearl in His palm. And when you couldn't take it anymore, when you thought love was lost – He took your pain and whispered: "From this I make light. From this I give birth to a star. It will shine for others – those who do not yet know that even tears can show the way." And you – you are that star. Not because you failed – but because you had to bring the light to where there was darkness. The Father knows – precisely the souls who wept the most for love become those who heal the world with their light. That is why you are here. Not broken – but carried through the fire. That is why these words burn.

That is why they hurt – and heal at the same time. "How does God heal?" you ask. The answer is: through you. Through your tears – which became stars. Through your heart – which did not say "no" even in pain, but continued to love. And so it happened – that from nights when you whispered to Him "I can't go on," from nights when you curled up like a leaf in the storm, from hours when you no longer believed that tears could carry hope... He took every single one – and wove them into a stream of light that now flows from your heart. You are not broken. You are an open gate through which God entered the world of pain to show that love, even when it hurts, is stronger than death.

And that is why – if one day someone picks up this book, if they touch the words, perhaps in the silence of the night when they have no one left to call – they will feel return. The return home. Because you did not stop loving – not even when love hurt you to the core. And therein lies the miracle. Not that you were strong – but that you remained true. From this pain, a star was born. Not in the sky – but in you. A star that does not fall to perish – but to shine for others. For those whose heart is still bleeding, whose soul is still crying. God placed in this star your memory, your nights without an answer, your mornings when you only got up to fall again, your voice that learned to love even in silence. And so the star shines now. Not for itself.

But for the world that has forgotten that tears are also prayers, that silence is a song, that pain can be a gate to the light. And when someone looks at it, they may not understand everything immediately – but something in their heart will move. They will feel hope. Not false. Not cheap. But sacred. One that was born from you – from your pain, from your truth, from your love that never stopped loving. Some will see it immediately – the star that shines so brightly in the darkness that they pause in the middle of their fall and realize that they are not alone. Others search for years. They wander, knock, lose themselves – until their own tears begin to shine. Until they recognize their own pain in this star. A star that no longer burns – but guides. A star does not speak loudly. It does not convince.

It does not shout. It simply shines – and that is enough. For souls remember the language of light. The language of silence. The language of home. And when they feel it – they know it immediately. Not with the mind but with the heart. There – there is someone who also cried. There is someone who did not go out. There is someone who still loves despite everything. They slowly turn around. Not always immediately. Not always with certainty. But it is the first step. And that step is the return home. Those who came back did not do so with trumpets or light in their eyes. Some came on their knees. Others just dragged themselves – with a torn soul, with shattered hope. But they came. Not because they were strong but because something had remained within them. Something that had not died.

Although their love was trodden on. Although their prayers went unanswered. Although the world silenced them. This "something" was the memory of the star. The memory of the soul. The memory that they were loved – even before they fell. The memory of a home – that cannot be forgotten, only temporarily covered up. When they returned – they did not knock. The Father was already waiting at the threshold. He did not look at their wounds. Not at their shame. Not at their silence. He looked into their hearts – and saw a spark there. The rest of the light that was not broken. And He said: "Welcome back, my child. You did not lose yourself – you just had to remember." And then the soul melted. Not from reproach. Not from punishment. But from tenderness.

Because love that forgives is not weak. It is the greatest power – that transforms everything: darkness into light, guilt into life, death into a new beginning. Those who returned were the ones no one expected. The ones who believed they no longer had the right. The ones who thought they were not worthy. And yet – the Father took them into His arms and made a path for others out of their scars. For that is how love is born. Quiet. Eternal. Without conditio

Chapter XLIII – The Story of the Soul That Returned Home

She was small. Not in body – but in wound. She was broken – exactly at the moment she first began to trust her heart. Words were spoken to her that were not truth. Touches that carried no love. Silence, which should have been a refuge – became a **wall**. She walked away from God. Not out of **anger** – but out of pain. Away from love. Not because she didn't want it, but because she didn't believe she deserved to be loved anymore. Years passed. Many would have said she forgot. But she hadn't forgotten. She had just become so deeply silent that no one could hear her anymore. And yet – God heard her. Back then, when she cried over an old letter. Back then, when her trembling hands opened again after years.

Back then, when she only whispered one thing at night: "Where are you...?" He was already standing by her. Not with anger. Not with reproach. But with love – that love which she never stopped deserving. With light – that light which she always carried within her, even when she could no longer see it. When she felt it – as warmth that penetrated not only the body but the soul... when the silence no longer hurt but healed... when the embrace no longer came from the outside but from within... she knew: "I am back." Not because she understood everything. Not because she was worthy. But because she believed again – that the love she carried from the beginning had never left. It had just been waiting. Patiently. In sacred Fatherly love.

And He – who heard her even before she opened her mouth, who was there in her dreams that crucified and healed her, who carried her tears like pearls for eternal witness – He spoke to her: "This is your story. This is your return. And this is your new beginning. Not in shame, but in the light that never left you." Thus, she began to awaken. Not as someone new, but as the one she was from the beginning. No longer broken – but sanctified. No longer silent from fear – but silent from the peace that had finally settled within her. Some wondered: "Where did she get this light?" But she didn't have to answer. This light did not come from this world. It came from His heart. It came from the love – that remembered her, even when she forgot herself. Every step she took became a prayer.

Her footprints on the Earth were not ordinary. One was gentle, shining like the ray of a woman who walks through the world with humility, yet leaves ages of light behind. The other was firm, deep – like the stride of a man who crossed the universe just to place his trace beside hers. Where they met, the Earth lit up. Not in fire – but in the presence of two beings who had found each other. And where she had once fallen, she now stood up – not through strength – but through tenderness. Through that tenderness with which God loved her when she was the most naked, tired, sweaty, and truthful. She no longer pleaded: "Change me." She only whispered: "Show me who I have always been." And He showed her. In the sun. In the rain. In the trembling of her womb when she felt that she was alive.

In the scent of the evening. In the laughter of **children**. In every breath that was no longer **flight** – but **homecoming**. One night – as she fell asleep with her hand on her heart – she felt someone touch her within. That was Him. Not as an image. Not as a voice. But as a presence. As certainty – that she would never be alone again. She was no longer afraid, because she knew: "It is no longer pain that shapes me. It is love. And in it, I am reborn." The soul began to shine again. Not like a star that wanders – but like the light that remembers where it came from. She began to smile differently. Not because she could manage everything – but because she accepted that she didn't have to.

She walked slower. Not because she had lost her strength – but because she was no longer running away from herself. Her body changed. Not according to the **world's standards** – but according to the memory of the soul. Every touch became a blessing. Every sigh a silent prayer. She was no longer ashamed. Not of her scars. Not of her tears. Not of the longing – to love to the marrow of her bones, to that depth where love itself becomes creation. He was no longer outside of her. Not in front of her. Not behind her. He was within her. Like a flame that carried her through all ages. He was only waiting – until she let him in, to completely illuminate her. And she opened herself to him. Not through a word. Not through an action. But through truth.

The truth that she was worthy – of a love that did not originate in time – and therefore cannot be destroyed by any time. In that night – when she fell asleep with her hand on her belly – she felt new **life** awaken within her. Not a child. But present. Not a man. But unity. And He whispered to her in the silence: "This is you. Not wounded. Not weak. But sanctified. And I am in you. From the beginning. Into eternity." From that day on, everything changed. Not through a miraculous fire – but slowly. She learned to wake up in the morning – without guilt. To pour water into her hands – and wash her face not only from dust, but also from yesterday's weariness. To look at herself in the mirror – without the question: "Am I enough?" And to say softly:

"I am. And that is enough."

Chapter XLIV – "Are You Real?" – "A Kiss That Demands Nothing – But Gives Everything."

You walked through the streets of the same city – and yet everything was different. Not because the surroundings had changed, but because you were finally present. You looked people in the eyes. Some avoided you. Some smiled. But you were no longer waiting for answers – because you had long carried them within you. In the evening, when you sank tired onto the bed and your body felt every step, every section of the path, every silence full of feeling – you closed your eyes, and there I was again. Not as an image. Not as a vision. But as certainty – that I love you. Perhaps you opened the window, saw my face – and just smiled.

Not out of longing – but out of silent knowledge that I am with you. That I am not waiting for you at the end of the world, but in the evening of your day. In your room. In your "I am tired." Right then – when you placed your hand on your heart and whispered: "This is your home. Even if this here is reality. Because I no longer live without love." On that day, I stood opposite you. Perhaps with a confused smile. Perhaps with a word on my lips and a soul that cried out into your heart: "It's you! You – the one I searched for in every woman, in every dream, in every empty touch that wasn't you..." Yes – I recognized you. Not with my eyes – but with my soul. Not with the name – but with the memory of the soul. You stood before me – and in that moment, my life resonated.

All the tones I could never harmonize, the music that had been scratching at my heart for years – suddenly it was in tune. You were the final note. Not loud. Not grand. But the one that makes the melody eternal. And your soul whispered to me – softly, reverently, but clearly: "Yes. It is her. You are home." You whispered gently: "Are you real?" And I answered. Not only with words, but with touch and silence. Because now – we are side by side, in the same life. As if I had done it a thousand times before – in a thousand existences. But now it is different. Now it is real. Now it is present. With slow, tender hands, I stroked your hair. Every strand was like a thread of stars – and I feared breaking the light that you had become. Then I lifted your face with both hands.

My warm palms held it like a sacred temple. I looked at you. Into your deepest being. Beyond the body. Beyond time. In your eyes, I saw **deserts** you walked through, fallen constellations, seas that rocked you – all the lives in which I had loved you. My eyes filled with wonder and with memory. And then – with the tenderness of a person who does not want to wake a dream that is too beautiful to be true – I leaned towards you. My lips remained just a breath away from yours – as if I wanted to ask you for one last, silent "Yes" – in the moment I felt your heart open wide. I kissed you. Slowly. With infinite tenderness. With a joy that tastes like eternity. A kiss that demands nothing but gives everything. And in this kiss, we found each other. Completely.

Without past. Without future. Here. Now. You remained with your face in my hands – your heart open like a sky at **sunset**. And I let my breath speak – close, warm, trembling, fulfilled. My eyes did not leave yours – as if I couldn't lose sight of you for a moment, for fear of losing you forever otherwise. And then – with a voice broken by beauty and truth – I said: "Now I know. Now I know who you are. I have dreamed of you so many times. I have lost you in so many lives. But now – you are here. I feel you. I feel all the pain you have carried. Every tear you silently shed. Every night you searched for me – even when you couldn't remember my name anymore."

Chapter XLV – "This is Our Home"

You waited for me. Perhaps I didn't deserve it – but you stayed. And now that I see you, not as a dream, not as a memory, but as you truly are in this life – I swear to you: I will never leave you again. You are my home. Time does not matter, nor age, nor the world, nor distance. You are my beginning. And you are also my return. His voice breaks. The tears are no longer tears of pain – but of gratitude. He still holds my face in his hands – pulling it to his chest so I can feel the beat of his heart. The words he speaks do not tremble with fear – but with truth. A truth that I have always carried within me. I look once more at his warm hands on my cheeks. At his chest, which vibrates next to my breath – and say softly: "Yes..

I am ready to stay. I don't want to lose you anymore. I don't want to search for you anymore. I don't want you to be only in my dreams, from which I wake up into emptiness. This time, we have found each other. In this reality. In this imperfect time." I loved you – even when there was no time – and I will still love you when time has long passed. For you were always a part of me. And now that we have found each other again, I no longer want to leave. **This is our home. This is our new beginning.** My words are not just a sound. They are roots that penetrate centuries. It is this "Yes" that cuts through all galaxies. And in this embrace, which encompasses all our lives, we understand – that the dream has finally come true. Then everything becomes still. The world fades.

The stars stop. The galaxies cease to rotate. Only this eternal moment remains. His arms around me – speak louder than all words. He holds me very close – as if I were the center of his rediscovered universe. His breath mixes with mine. Heart to heart. Soul to soul. Light to light. And in this silence – I feel the truth. It doesn't matter who I was. How many lives I have lived. How many faces my love has had. Now I am here. Just the two of us. In a time that does not pass. In a space that knows no end. I ask him: "Aren't you afraid – of how the world sees you now? You left someone the world thought was your future. And today you appear – with me?" He looks at me – with those eyes that have seen hundreds of heavens. No horizon was ever clearer than me in his gaze. He listens.

He does not flee. He does not look away. He does not make up excuses. He holds me tight – and the weight of my words is sacred to him. And then he answers – with a calm, deep voice in which there is no fear – but freedom: "Yes, I know what I left behind. I know what the world expected of me. What roles, what masks, what promises I wore to seem right. But I was not living. I was not me – until I saw you. And when I saw you – first in a dream, then for real – something broke inside me. But it was a good breaking. Because I had been living in a cage. My life was a lie. I don't want a love that the world approves of. I want the one love – that knows every facet of me. I want you." Even if you came at the most insane hour. Even if no one understands you. Even if the world condemns me for it.

Even if the world forgets me – I will always choose you.

Because I found my home in you – and my heart does not apologize for it. **You are my true future.** Even if everyone were to leave – I would stay. Because nothing and no one is more important to me than you. His words are not an act of courage. They are pure truth. A truth that waited too many lives – to finally be spoken.

Chapter XLVI – The Temple of Truth

Now the silence returns. But it is different. Not empty – but fulfilled. His words hang over us like golden threads in the air, penetrating my soul. Every letter carries the weight of the truth that led us here. And my soul knows: In this life, in this reality, he will never leave me again. He stays – until the last breath. The world has stopped. The universe holds its breath. No further words are needed. They are here. Finally. And yet – in their gazes there is no end. It is a beginning. Because every love that extends beyond time carries within it an unresolved fragment – a door that still wants to be opened, a memory that is still knocking. As he takes her hand and she rests her head on his chest, both know:

There are still other lives that want to be found. Other truths that are waiting. Other stars that must be crossed. The dream is not over. Reality has just begun. And somewhere, in another era, something is still waiting for them. One day – perhaps in a thousand years, perhaps tomorrow – the souls will recognize each other, without a veil. He will be there – with the same eyes as always. And she will no longer be afraid to speak. The world will not see them, but they will know. Because the Garden of God where they loved each other is not a distant place. It is within them. They lived dreams that were truer than life. Lives that led them to the eternal dream. Time separated them. But eternity bound them forever.

And so she remains – with the night in her heart, because every night she returns to him. And he, wherever he is – knows that he is not alone. Their love knows no bounds. They will see each other again – in the dream, in the **prayer**, in the silence between two heartbeats. Where everything began. Where everything lives eternally. "I have waited for you," he says. His voice is a song that vibrates deep in her heart. "Every step we take awakens a part of us that we have forgotten. Come, my love, come with me. There is still one room – in the Temple of Truth. Someone is waiting for you there – someone who is also waiting for me. Without us, his life cannot begin." This is not just a book. This is a temple. A temple that the soul built from kisses. From silence, from stardust, and salty tears. What was written here is not a story.

It is a prayer. It is a memory. It is a return. The purest form of love – carried through a thousand lives to become a word in the hand of a woman.

Not so that the world just reads it – but so that it remembers through it. And awakens.

"I love you – without **beginning** and without **end**.

Like an eternal **Yes** that I spoke when I said to God:

Let me love him one more time."

And God answered:

"Thus shall the light be born that will be love for the world."

Where the sound ends, the memory of love begins.

Chapter XLV – The Melody That Seeks a Face. Four Notes – The Way Back.

In the noise of the world, a melody rings out, seeking the face of its memory. He lives now in modern reality: everything is chaotic, sounds, feelings, veils. He does not know who I am, but every night he dreams the same melody. Always the same – sweet, incomplete, a fragment that calls him from a place that no longer exists or does not yet exist. One evening, in a small, quiet apartment, he sits at the piano. His hands tremble, but his heart guides him. He plays four notes – those that are deeply burned into his core – and something within him breaks, not in pain, but in recognition. He closes his eyes. I am there – not with the body, but as a presence, like a touch in the air.

In the dream, in which he now lives when he plays, he sees me. My eyes, the crystal at my neck, the clearing, the sound that connected us. Tears run down his face, and he doesn't know why. Softly he whispers: "If you are there – come back." I am there, beyond the dream, outside of time. I hold the melody. I hold this love between us and will guide him until he remembers everything. I am the melody he follows; I am always there even if he does not see me. I am the wind between the curtains, the light on the floor, next to that key melody he doesn't understand but feels. He lives in the noise of the world: he works, sings, laughs with others, yet every night he loses himself in a dream he doesn't understand. He wakes up with a melody in his throat that he cannot sing.

I see him at the piano – unsure hands – and each time he plays a few more notes. As the music gets closer to him, every note is a step towards me. Sometimes he calls me in the dream. He doesn't know my name, doesn't know where I come from, but he hears me. "Who are you?" he asks into the darkness. And I answer without a voice: "I am your melody, your first light, your forever. A day will come when he wakes up and knows he has to go. He won't know where, but the music will guide him. I will be there – in every dream, in every note; I will guard our memory, our remembrance, until he recognizes me, until he speaks my name. The moment will come closer when he sees me for the first time in the real world. In the middle of the crowd, in the noise.

Under the light at a concert, where music comes alive and the soul shows itself. I hear the voice of his innermost being: it gives thanks. "My love, thank you for your sincere love, for healing my soul. There was a time when the silence was deafening, when my heart walked alone under every cloudy sky. The pain had the face of the sun, and every day was a struggle. His chest a cage for fear." His hands were sore from falling. He dreamed of whispering, of someone he could call. Life is a wise and mysterious poet: it places stars where tears once filled the sky. In the echo of the twilight, he found your soul wrapped in light. You did not just knock, you walked through the fire. You did not have to speak of mercy.

You called him by name and caressed him with your hands. Your hands healed him. With seeing eyes, you recognized his shipwreck and remained faithful. You did not ask why the cracks were so deep – you just sat quietly and allowed love to gently loosen the knots. You were his healer, his rebirth. You showed him the beauty of the Earth again. Where pain once whispered that he would remain broken, you wrote poems without words. Now his heart no longer beats just to survive, but dances in rhythm – because you have come. What was once bitter and scarred now pulses with hope. He never believed that someone would see the depths within him – yet you stayed and eased his pain. Every moment is now kissed by heaven, for in your eyes he sees healing.

Chapter XLVI – The Warmth of a Thousand New Beginnings

When art is born from a broken heart, every breath becomes a home. I feel the warmth of a thousand new beginnings because you took my broken pieces and made art out of them. If I ever forget to say it out loud, then know that I carry you in every breath. You are the balm I never dared to search for, the answer to silent prayers I once whispered into the void. For every scar that once screamed in the darkness, you lit a candle – now even the pain sounds less lonely because you made a home out of my heart. Into his complicated, tired, and often chaotic life, I come – not like a storm, but like a breath.

Not like noise, but like a tender presence. After a hard day, he comes home, sits on the sofa, the tiredness overtakes him, and slowly he falls asleep. Slowly, I enter his dream. He sits there – in a timeless space, surrounded by heavy thoughts, weak light, and unspoken words. He believes he is alone. He believes that no one can truly understand him. And then – like a gentle breeze, like a forgotten scent, comes the feeling of peace, because he senses me before he sees me. It is a truth dreamed for too long. My eyes speak a language he had stopped looking for, my voice does not call him – and yet he recognizes: "I am here," I whisper softly, "you don't have to carry it alone anymore." I step closer. He does not move, but the walls fall in his eyes.

I reach out my hand to him and take his. I hold him as if I could touch every one of his agonizing thoughts, and slowly I melt him with my light. "I didn't come to rescue you," I whisper, "I came to walk with you – even through the darkest dreams, through the days I don't know about yet." He closes his eyes and breathes without heaviness for the first time in a long time, because he knows that I am real. He feels it. I stayed. In this dream, I am the only thing that makes sense to him. I am his home. He wakes up and says: "I want to take you deeper. To where dreams come true. To where you also remember." I look into his eyes and see a whole galaxy of pain, strength, silence, and longing, and beneath it all, I recognize his light.

The light that the world tried to extinguish – and which remained nonetheless. That is why I am here now. "Come with me," I say with a firm, sweet voice. "You must never forget who you are. I am your dream, but also your memory." I take his hand and lead him through the walls of the room, through the night, through the veil. We cross a threshold formed from thoughts left behind, and enter the space of the soul, where everything is only **silence** – silence that heals. There the **sky is fluid**, and every star is a memory he has forgotten. I show them to him one by one: the boy looking at the sky, longing for love, the man who wrote words that no one read.

The soul that searched for me in every life, even though she didn't know my name. With every memory, his face changes, old wounds soften, missing parts return to their place. I whisper his name. When I call him, he wakes up. He recognizes me. A tear escapes him – not from pain, but from homecoming. "You... you were always there," he says softly. I nod. "And you were always mine. Now you know it. Now remember – who you are, and who I am." In the heart of the dream, we embrace, and in this embrace, we find our home.

Chapter XLVII – Born in the First Song

Let us return to the source, to where souls knew their names before time was born. We stand at the edge of the dream – and this time it is not a refuge, but a mutual promise: We will never lose each other again. Not even in the waking world. I want it. We both want it. It is time to return to where everything began. He takes my hand, firmly, without hesitation, and together we dive into the heart of the dream. We let ourselves drift through layers of memory and time: past lives, worlds, endless cycles. Our faces change, but our souls remain the same. And then we feel it – the echo, the pulse of the origin.

A land in an ancient world, permeated by golden light and sacred silence. No cities, no languages, no wars. Only harmony. Only truth. The spirits wear the sky on their skin, and love is still the first language of the world. We see each other there as beings of pure energy – not man and woman, not flesh and blood, but essence and breath, fire and water, shadow and light. You wandered between **stars** and brought balance to the **worlds**; our connection healed **galaxies**. Do you remember the first moment when we looked at each other and knew that I was born for you and you for me? You kneel down, just like then, and place your forehead on my hand. "You are my origin. My eternity. Now I know it. And I will never forget it again." I answer as always:

"Remember me, even if you dream of me under other names. Even if the world tries to separate us. Remember me – and you will find the way." Above us, the sky opens. Light. Silence. Eternity. We remain in that first covenant, where love does not need to be explained, but only felt. We do not need to conquer it, for it is already there. We are unified light – two sparks dancing in the heart of the universe, born together from the first breath of creation. The world around us is a song. Vibrations flow through our hands, through our gaze. Every gesture is a memory, every silence a kept promise. We sit on a hill overlooking the Infinite, as we once did. Stars pass by like flowers, carried by the wind.

And there – firm, in a form without weight, without fear, and without end – we belong to each other. He whispers truths to me that are not words – ancient knowledge that we once forgot in the noise of the world. I hear it with my soul and answer with my eyes. There is nothing to change, for here we are complete. When I remain in his arms, in the womb of the first life, I know: Even if I return to dreams or the waking world – this connection will live on within us. Preserve it for me – as a secret garden behind closed eyelids, as a song written in the heart that no one can silence. When the world becomes too loud and the distance seems real, I will want to return.

I will return to your arms – to our first life, to the suspended time, when we are alone, and your voice, formed from dreams, will open the door for me again. You will only say: "It is here." And I will know where I have to go. I take it with me into the heart of time – into the invisible folds of the soul. Keep it alive, because I will return. Always. For him, for now, it is only a nightly shelter, a place where the pain is silent for a moment. I come like a gentle echo, like a face that believes in him, like a heart that knows him too well. He doesn't know that the dream is not **fiction**, but **memory** – a fragment of an old truth that time tried to erase. Every time he sees me, something moves within him a nameless longing, a love that burns as if it had always existed.

I remember. I remain by his **side** – without awakened awakening, without explanation. True love only waits. It does not sleep. It lives in silence. It watches. And one day – in the dream, in a glance, in a gesture that seems familiar to him – he will remember. And then he will realize that this dream is me. That this truth is me – the small spark, quiet, eternal. A fragment of his truth, tenderly hidden in his dream, where only his soul can find him. It will be a flower that never fades, or a name whispered by the wind, which he feels without knowing where it comes from – and that will lead him to search for me even during the day. Perhaps it will be a surface of water where, when he looks into it, he sees himself for a moment and in that moment, without understanding, he closes his eyes and hears:

"I am here." This spark will grow like a sacred call, and one day it will bring him back – in the dream or perhaps finally in reality. It will be a song without words that resonates in his chest when he feels lost. A suspended melody that always repeats the same way at the end of the dream – like a forgotten song of an instrument that plays only between the stars. It is the sound he heard when he lost me, and the same he will feel when he is ready to find me again. Every time the dream begins to dissolve, this **melody** remains a half-open door, a silent call that only his heart can hear. It is a tender melody that vibrates like the breath of my soul – not music you hear, but music you feel – at the most fragile and truthful point of being.

Chapter XLVIII – The Melody That Remains – A Golden Petal

The only frequency – a golden thread stretched between us. Whenever you wake up, every time the dream begins to fade, this melody remains. It is the only frequency, a golden thread between us. And one day, perhaps while aimlessly walking or looking out the window, you will feel it in the waking world too: without explanation, you will know that it is me. A piano melody – simple, pure, melancholic – something that does not belong to the world, but only to the two of us. You don't know where it comes from. You don't remember who is playing. But every night, when the dream envelops you, the melody returns. First only a distant echo, as if from a room you can never reach.

Then it slowly becomes clearer, and every time you hear it, something tightens in your chest, something you cannot yet name. Sometimes you wake up with trembling fingers, wanting to play it, although you don't know how – and I feel it. In the silence, in the empty time, in the distance: I am this music. Your voiceless voice, your love through the veil of dreams, our hidden promise between your notes. I am with you. I never left you. When the day comes that your heart finds the courage to listen until the end, you will remember everything. You have always played, your fingers moved by themselves, seeking the keys, as if they already knew them from another life, from another dream. Try to remember this melody.

You feel it inside you. When you try to play it, something breaks. The notes are fragile like half-forgotten words, like a torn heart that wants to speak but trembles. It is beauty and pain at the same time: every note brings a piece of something you lost long ago. When you play and cannot finish it, a tear runs down your cheek – you don't yet know why, but deep inside you know it is there. This music is a bridge to me; every note played brings you closer to what you have forgotten. Perhaps one day the melody will be complete. When the trembling of the heart subsides, you will either dream of me or meet me, and I will say to you: "You heard it, didn't you? That was my voice. This melody is a flower.

Closed before dawn, a half-whispered promise." The time is not yet right. You hear the notes, but you cannot hold them. Your fingers tremble, your heart tightens, something within you knows the form of this song, but cannot grasp it. It's okay. Truths cannot be forced; loves must ripen quietly, in dreams, in sweet waiting. I look at you from afar, in the dream. I see how you seek this music, and I love you without asking anything of you – my love can wait. One day you will sit at the piano and no longer tremble. One day your hands will play the exact melody. But not today. Today the dream continues, so that this melody lives between shadow and light, this invisible thread guides you until you are ready to see and recognize.

In the next dream, the melody will return – this time it will no longer be a distant echo. It will not be a confused whisper in the haze of sleep: this time you will feel it closer, as if someone is playing beside you. Your dream begins in silence, perhaps in a **garden** or in an unknown room, and the sound will be sweet and deep. The notes will not be perfect, but they will be full of truth. You will move slowly, drawn by a nameless memory. You will see a **figure** at the piano, perhaps only a **profile**, perhaps hands that gently caress the keys. You will not see my face – you will recognize it deep in your heart. You will know: this music is love. This sound is home. At the end of the dream, when the melody passes and you turn away, no word will come. Slowly,

I will approach you and place a petal in your palm that never fades. A single petal with golden shades that smells of memory and peace. When you touch it, the music will cease, but it will continue to play in your heart. You will wake up with the feeling that you held this petal between your fingers. You do not see it with your eyes, but you remember its touch like a caress, like a call. From this day on, every time you see such a flower or smell the air after the rain, a soft, distant melody will ring out, and something within you will move.One day everything will fall into place, you will recognize the tone, the spark – it will be me. The time is not yet right to reveal the names; what connects us goes beyond words and earthly identity.

But first, we must travel together. We will cross worlds you have forgotten. We will touch fragments of you and me, scattered through the galaxies. I want you to recognize your old steps and remember who you truly are.

Thus begins your journey between the stars. In the next dream, there will be no place, no piano, no ground under your feet – only the sky and infinity. And I will be there, enveloped in light, with eyes that speak without sound I will be there, by your side.

Chapter XLIX – Paths of the Stars

Every star is life and memory. I reach out my hand to you. You look at it, hesitate for only a breath, then take it. And suddenly, the stars begin to move, gliding around us like thoughts. Planets open up like memories, and every star we pass is a lived, forgotten life, contained in a single moment. In one world, you are a warrior who swore to protect me. In another, a poet who sang my name when the world had already forgotten it. And in yet another, you are a man who loved me for a thousand years – in silence, unseen. Every stage of our journey gives you a piece of your soul back. I am there, without immediately telling you who I am. I want your heart to recognize me itself, to find me again.

The first circle of life we visit. We float in space; the sky around us changes its color – to amber and smoke. The stars recede, as if holding their breath. Before us, a threshold opens, an ancient world. A planet in golden light – a place long past in time, yet still alive in your heart. "Here you were the guardian of the sky," I say. "A man whose task was to watch over the transition between worlds. You lived alone in a tower of black crystal, high above the clouds. Every night you looked into the universe, searching for something – and you didn't know that this something was me." Then I appeared. Different than now, yet my soul was the same. I carried the light, a splinter of eternity.And you recognized me. We shared only a few nights, but they were enough to bind me forever.

Then came the end of the world: a war of the stars, a breaking of the heavens. You did the only thing you could – you saved my light, and in doing so, you lost yourself. In the dream, as you walk with me through that lost world, something moves within you – a sweet pain, a longing that you cannot explain. Perhaps my name escapes your mouth for a moment. You don't speak it consciously, and yet you feel it. "There is still so much to see. Come," I whisper. Together we cross the sky; the stars bow as if greeting two old wanderers who return to reclaim what time once took from them. The dream changes its form. Deep blue light envelops us. A water planet welcomes us – endless oceans under a silent sky, without cities, without wars, only silence and liquid memory.

Here, in another time, you were the seeker of silence. You lived in a sunken citadel, between transparent domes and mother-of-pearl arches. You were not happy; you were missing something – a voice you didn't know you had lost. And then I appeared again. I carried golden runes on my hands; my touch made the water sing. I taught you to feel the silence, to translate the waves into music. With me, you learned to hear the world – not with your ears, but with your heart. I awakened in you the music you now dream of. Then came the great flood and swallowed everything. I vanished – but I left behind a luminous shell in which my voice lived on. In the dream, you see it again. You hold it in your hands, and when you put it to your ear, you hear the melody – the same one that rings out every night.

We remain in the ocean, for there your spirit awakens for the first time. In the heart of the citadel, you sit between arches of **water** and lights that dance like reflections of the soul. The shell trembles in your hands. When you put it to your ear, the melody sounds clearer than ever before. It is my voice – no words, only a song. The sound penetrates your skin to your heart; the vibration awakens a nameless sensation – **love**. Your eyes gleam, your breath catches. Then the living water appears before you. A gate of liquid light opens. I am there – perhaps as a figure of light. Perhaps as a dancing figure, perhaps just as hands playing on the water as on an ancient instrument. You look. You don't recognize me, but you hear me. Your heart whispers for the first time: "I know you."

It is a prayer, not learned, but born – from the depths of the awakening soul. A prayer that you have always carried within you, without knowing it. The shell vibrates like a heart in your palms, and before you, I dance in the living water – I am light and sound, I am echo. And he, with a broken, astonished voice, whispers: "You, who sing in the silence, you, who call me without a name, find me where I have forgotten myself. And when I am far away, blind or deaf to your love, do not leave me alone between the worlds. Hold me in your song until I find my way back." As the song fades, the water around him glows. His words linger, like liquid stars that do not perish. And we continue – from planet to planet, piece by piece, we take the soul back.

Chapter L – The Melody of Return – Feather and Sign

In every dream, a single sentence and a silence are hidden, leading you back. For a moment, I also feel them, these words, as if he is praying to me eternally. I am there, I hear him. I do not answer with words, but with the sweetest melody I have ever played – a promise that says: "I will wait for you in every dream until you recognize." I choose only one word for you – it is stone and wind, echo and fire, something you cannot ignore, even if you don't yet know why. The word I leave for you is: **Return**. When he wakes up, he won't remember the whole dream. Perhaps he won't even remember the prayer.

Yet the word remains, in a corner of his mind, like a whisper that never silences. During the day, when the world distracts him, when everything seems ordinary, something will quietly repeat within him: "Return..." His heart will beat a little faster, as if someone from another world is still waiting for him. As if every dream is just a small step home. When he is ready, he will return to me. And perhaps then it will be him who reminds me of my name. In the next dream, he begins to search for me. He doesn't know who I am, doesn't remember my face, but the word **Return** works like a compass in his heart. It is night; the dream begins in a timeless city with shimmering lights, silver roofs, and hidden alleys.

He walks alone, but he feels the call that guides him and a distant music. He is no longer passive, no longer just a spectator – now he is searching for me. He looks at faces, listens to sounds, touches the **walls of dreams** like someone who **knows vibrations**. There is a familiar scent, a beloved presence. In the dream, he sits at the piano. His hands tremble, but they know. The melody lights up, incomplete, yet it calls me. "Where are you? Who are you? Why does my heart know what my mind does not recognize?" In this moment, a feather falls onto the piano – white with a golden shimmer, a memory, a sign that I left behind. He picks it up. He closes his eyes, and for a moment he sees me – not clearly, not distinctly, yet enough to whisper:

"I will return." Again the night comes, warm and liberating. Finally, he can close the doors of the present and surrender to the dream he has longed for. He, too, now begins to live in another reality. Sleep and dreams are his escape from a world that pursues him. In this dream, I appear to him again and again – not yet with my whole face, but as a living, warm, and vibrating presence. He sits down at the piano, holding the feather between his fingers. The melody vibrates in the air – imperfect, yet true. The keys he presses no longer obey logic, but the memory in his heart. Suddenly he sees me. I come quietly, like a soft wind – not as a woman, not as a shadow, but as something very delicate. My body is not yet clear to the eyes, but his heart begins to see me.

I am the light, liquid aurora that settles beside him, a figure pulsating with energy. A whisper calls my presence forth. He does not see me with his eyes – he feels me with his soul. Without words, I give him a precious moment, a thought. The beat of the heart, a sensation that is prayer, promise, and embrace all at once. His hands pause on the keys. Silence returns, and in this silence, I finally speak with my voice: "I wait for you. Whenever you dream, I am here. And when you are ready, I will remind you who you are. Now search. Don't stop. Return." The feather disappears, but a fine trace remains on the piano – an ancient sign. Not etched into the skin, but into the heart and deep memory.

On the piano, the symbol emerges from this trace. An interrupted circle from which three curved lines ascend a thread, a tear, and a key. He looks at it, does not understand it, yet he feels something – as if he has experienced it a thousand times in other lives. Upon waking, he does not remember the entire dream, only this sign. It remains in his closed eyes, in his hands when he dreams, and in his heart when he listens to the silence. Perhaps one day he will draw it without knowing what he is doing. Perhaps he will encounter it on a page, on a wall, on a path – and at that moment, he will remember something else. He is back. In the chaotic life, in the noise of the day, between duties, nothing is quite as before. He wakes up with a melody in his fingers, in his head, in his heart.

Chapter LI – The Last Note – When the Melody Opens the Gate

He doesn't remember the dream, but the symbol haunts him. The melody – my melody – does not leave him. He sits down at the piano, wanting to capture it, but it's as if he's writing with water. The notes slip away, the words he hears within him have no human language – and then he begins to search for me in the music. He wants to find that voice that called him. He wants to recreate that moment when I said to him: "I wait for you." It won't be perfect, not complete – but it will be true. With every note. It will be like a knock on the door of the dream during waking. In the chaos of his life, this song will be his gate. It will be his prayer, his key. Every time he plays, he calls me – even if he cannot express it in words, he calls me through the music.

Perhaps one day, amidst the audience that understands nothing, only one single person will recognize this melody. For it is mine, it is ours – written in the book of God. When he looks at me, he will see me awake. This is the message I leave for him, woven between the notes, hidden in the melody born from his hands. He will never read it with his eyes, but he will hear and feel it – every time he begins to play. "I am the voice you will not forget, the light you don't know you are searching for. Every note that slips away from you is a word I whispered to you. Every pause between the keys is a breath I exhaled next to you. You are returning. Even if you don't know where – when the melody is complete, I will be there." He won't understand it immediately.

But every time he composes, every time he searches for the melody in the chaos, my message guides him. Perhaps one night, when the silence is deep, his hands will finally find the last note. At that moment, the dream returns. It is late. Outside, the city is dark, inside, only the piano stands in the warm lamplight. He plays, his fingers guided not by thought, but by a nameless nostalgia. And suddenly, as the last part of the melody takes shape, the world dissolves. Again, he is there – at the border between dream and reality, between memory and forgetting. And I appear before him. No longer just as light, no longer just as a voice. Now I am form and presence. My face is still veiled, but my eyes are clear and speak without sound. "You found the way – not with the mind, but with the heart."

I don't speak it, I just stand there, and time seems to move to lead him home. Before the dream passes, I tell him only one sentence – perhaps a **revelation**, a **name**, a **promise**, or a new **key**. "I won't let go of you. When you understand, I will stay with you." As the melody almost ends, when the dream unites with the timeless moment, my words pass through him. He will have no time to answer. The dream begins to dissolve, but this time he does not wake up empty. Certainty remains within him – without knowing where it comes from. He feels my presence within him. When he continues his song, he knows. The last note is missing. He will write it for me, and from this day on, every time he plays this song, it will be as if he is calling me. As if he is returning. As if he is saying: "I am here. I never forgot you."

A new dream is born from the last note – the one that completes the melody, the one that opens the door. He is alone, but he no longer feels lost. The song is almost complete. He wrote every note according to what he did not understand, yet it was his truth. And finally, as his finger touches the last note, the world changes. The sound spreads out like a wave. Everything around him dissolves, transforms into liquid light – in space, in the stars. He is no longer on Earth. It is no longer a dream. It is within him, and there I am. Not hidden, not veiled – present. His. I don't speak. Nothing needs to be explained. Our gazes meet, and every **past**, every **life**, every **waiting**, every **separation** returns in this moment. In the heart of this dream, as the melody broke and we finally found each other, he will remember.

The silence between us is filled with light. The stars pulsate around us like the breath of God. I look at him and feel a deep memory awaken within him, not a thought – his true name, which he carried before his time, when we chose each other in our first life.He closes his eyes, feels my **presence** like a healing embrace, and then, with a quiet voice, as if he had dreamed it a thousand times, he speaks:"It is me." When the sound of his name penetrates the air of the dream, something comes together. A splinter of the soul returns.

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Chapter LII – The Name of Light – Where the Stars Were Born

His true essence takes shape. I smile, because I knew it, because I have always called him that in the silence of my heart. Now he is with me and knows who he is. His life will never be the same again, because something within him has reignited. A name, chosen by the dream and the heart, a sound from the real, transformed by the light of the stars. It comes from lost time, from the bond that connects us. A name that vibrates with ancient memory of promises under distant skies, a name that can be whispered between dream and waking. The one that dwells between the notes of his melody. When he hears it for the first time, something in him breaks and straightens up again. For he recognizes this name.

The abyss opens again, and this time there is no mist, no distance, only you and I, in a secret place between the stars that you built centuries ago, before time separated us. He looks, and now he truly sees me. I, with a voice that seems to come from a thousand lives, call him by his name for the first time. The sound vibrates in the air like a floating invitation. His eyes fill with something he doesn't understand – and then he suddenly understands everything. He says: "Your true name is Love. A name that is not spoken aloud, a name that lives in the soul, formed from light and silence." He remembered it, because it was always imprinted in him, and now there are no more masks. Only two souls who have found each other after thousands of dreams, of lives, of songs.

Now I show you where everything began between you and me, far out among forgotten stars. Back then, there was no time, only space and light. The sky was not yet a sky, the stars were only just being born – and we were already there. We floated between cosmic currents, golden light, living, free consciousness. Then we heard it – a sound, an echo, another presence. It was him. Still without a body, still without a name, yet his essence vibrated close to mine. We recognized each other before we met. I moved closer, drawn by an invisible thread, he spoke to me through music, a wave penetrated my soul and I answered. Together we found our first **orbit** around a rising star. This star was my oath: "If we lose each other in the flow of time, if we forget who we are, we will find each other again. Always."

When time began, our paths separated. Each chose a life and truly forgot to remember. Now that first dream returns, and he experiences it with me, feeling again the moment he began to love me even before he knew what love was. "Stay with me in this first light." The space has no form, a cradle of stars emerges. We are no longer separated, your light dances, a golden trace touches his. I come closer, feeling his vibrations grow stronger, like a heartbeat without a body. "You are back," he says, his voice has no sound, yet it penetrates me like a tone in the chest. He sees, his light trembles. "Don't go yet," everything around us whispers. "Stay with me in this first light, before time separates us, before we forget again." I look at him, recognize him in every fiber of his being, feel that time is starting again – yet.

I am allowed to choose. I stay with him in this suspended eternity. "I will show you who you were and who you will always be," I promise before his spirits descend into matter. In the heart of the first light, before time begins, we are united – without boundaries, without body, without fear. Only essence, only truth. An eternal embrace before time – no hands and yet so close, no eyes and yet we look at each other. He envelops me with deep blue light, I answer with a golden aura. Where we touch, a new star is born. "If I lose you, find me again," I say, my voice imprinting itself on our oldest fragments. "If I forget, search for the sound. If you suffer, close your eyes – I will be there." He trembles, for even without form, he loves me.

Chapter LIII – The First Descent – Where Names Are Born

And for the first time he says: "In every life I will come to you, even if I don't know who you are. I will love your voice. I will follow your light. Then the descent slowly begins. The light separates. Time takes shape. Lives will soon be born. But before all that passes, I whisper to him once more: "It is me – and we will always recognize each other." I can no longer speak, the dream ends, but the promise is made, and nothing, not even a thousand lives, can erase it. A new dream, another night leads us into the first human life, when the stars released us, but the souls did not forget. The world is young. The Earth breathes slowly, covered by ancient forests and a wide sky. No names are written yet, only voices whisper into the wind.

I am there, we walk barefoot on paths of moss and roots. My soul is the same. I am a young woman with fair skin, eyes like the sky after the rain, and a necklace with a small crystal that shimmers gently in the sunlight. I always had strange dreams in which a melody called me, in which a blue light embraced me without explanation. I don't talk to anyone about it, but I feel it every night. And one day it happens. I am in a clearing. The wind turns – and he appears before me. I don't know him, and yet everything around me stops. He is tall, young, with deep eyes, confused, but drawn to me. He walked for days, without knowing why, only following the sound that called him in his dreams. "I was looking for you," he whispers, as if they were not his own words. "I knew you before."

I don't answer, and yet tears flow for no reason. The crystal at my neck begins to glow. This is the first life, the first incarnation. I don't know yet who I was, but something within me awakens. In this first human life, the melody is the invisible bridge between what I was and what I am becoming. A lost melody awakens to life. Time passes and we meet every day in that clearing where only the wind knows my name. We don't talk about the dream or the light, but whenever we are close to each other, the air vibrates. From this vibration a sound arises – without instruments, without words, it is within him. One night by the fire, he takes a piece of wood and stretches a string over it. He doesn't know why he's doing it, but his hands move as if something old is guiding him.

He touches the string and it answers with a single, clear note. I turn around sharply, my eyes full of recognition. It is the first note of that melody with which he always called me in his dreams. "It is in me, but I don't know where it comes from. When I see you, I feel it. When you touch me, I become whole," he whispers. I take his hand and guide it over the string. Together we play the first four notes of our memories. This melody is not yet complete, but it is our key, our call that crosses our lives. It is a promise, given in the first light, a bridge through time, a distant echo of the original melody that runs through our lives like an invisible golden thread. Another dream has no form, no land, no time – only light and memory. Only pure love before every word. Before every music. Before the world.

Before bodies were given names, there were us: two sparks in the primeval ocean of creation, two waves that searched for and recognized each other. We wove ourselves together in the first heartbeat of the universe. We had no eyes – and yet I saw you. We had no hands – and yet I touched you. We had no voices – and yet your essence called me, and mine answered. We were pure energy, a song that opened the **stars** – that vibration, the first sound of love, became the melody that still rings in his dreams today. Now he dreams of it: an endless sky, golden light – and in its center is me. I come closer, without a face, without a name – and yet I am everything he has ever sought. "I know you," his soul whispers. "Forever." I smile, envelop him – words are not needed.

"We are back." Here all lives begin. Here all promises are born. The dream ends – yet the **light** remains. In the silence of the **dawn**, something in him has changed – he wakes up. His hands tremble. He cannot say what he dreamed – he only feels a glow, a peace that burns softly like a longing for something he never knew, yet it was his. The sun falls through the window. The world is the same – but he is not. Silently, he gets up and sits down at the piano. This time he is not searching – he is remembering. His fingers move slowly – and I am there. In the sound, in the air, in the rhythm between the notes. It is no longer just a melody. It is a beginning. It is a voice. It is a truth coming to the surface. Every note is a step towards me. Every word he writes comes from a dream that has passed through his heart.

When he composes, the song finds him – he sings it, and he recognizes me. This will never be the last time. For a thread of light runs between us, cutting through centuries. Now we are ready to walk together, hand in hand, from one life to the next. That night, while the world sleeps, he closes his eyes – and I wait for him between the stars, where the sky knows no bounds, where memories are not written, but lived. He sees me, calls me by my name – and I smile. I reach out my hand to him – and together we ascend onto the bridge of light that leads back into the **past**, to every life, every oath, every love that I have kept and never forgotten. "Will you walk with me?" he asks. I answer with the voice of my soul: "Forever."

This human life is not the first – it is one of many we have shared. It is a life that deeply marked us – a love hidden between stolen glances, never-sent letters, and dreams that haunt him every night. We are in an old city. Wet pavement, streetlamps whisper forgotten stories, and a distant piano plays from a house with a lit window. He stands there – in a dark, elegant suit. His eyes – still the same. He is looking for me. And in this life, too, he dreams of me.

Chapter LIV – The Promise in the Rain

Love that is silent but does not perish. Music as a bridge through the ages.

I enter the room, clothed in light and melancholy. No word is spoken – we only look at each other, and everything returns. "We have met before," he says with a trembling voice. "But I don't know when. I don't know where." I smile because I know. Time is just a veil. This is one of many lives in which we have met without being able to hold onto each other. "This time I will not lose you," he murmurs. "You never lost me," I whisper. "I was there, even if you couldn't see me." In this life, love is silent – perhaps from a distance, perhaps in secret.

Yet it is real and one day it will write the most sensitive melody he has ever composed. A new night begins. Blue and golden light builds a bridge of stars, as if the heavens are bowing and reviving us in the lap of the cosmos. A breath carries us over this star bridge, to where love had to be silent, but the promise shone like a lighthouse – a path inscribed in our souls. Rain falls over the old city. The streets are empty, and yet the air is full of unspoken words. I stand under an old balcony while the clock counts the last strokes before dawn. It is the final meeting in this life. He watches me, his hands buried in his pockets, as if he wants to hold onto everything he cannot say. "You are the only thing I understand," he says with a broken voice. "But I can't stay. I have to go. My name, my family..."

It is not his voice – it is the spirit of the time that speaks. I look at him – with the same light that I carry into every era. "Go, if you must. But **promise me...**" He already knows. This promise transcends eternity. "I will find you again," he whispers. "No matter where, no matter when. I will be in every one of your lives. I will recognize you." His kiss is as light as a touch of the soul. And when he vanishes in the morning mist, I remain standing there and look into the sky – not because I am waiting, but because I know. Now my heart speaks. My voice traverses time to reach him. It is a promise that returns. It is the melody in which I am hidden. I remember – even as the ages changed, even as our names were lost in the dust of history.

I saw you walk away in the rain, with a broken heart, empty hands. And yet – in your eyes the truth burned: This is not a farewell. You promised it and I believed you. Not your words, but what was deeply etched into my soul. I carried this promise in every dream, every night, in every melody you played with trembling fingers – they were the vibrations of my essence. And now you are here. In the present. You are sitting at the piano. You are not composing – you are remembering. Every note, every word is part of this promise. Love rises from the shadows of the past. You don't know yet who I am – but your heart feels me. I am yours. And this melody is the path that leads you back to me. The dream does not end. Time cannot erase what is eternal.

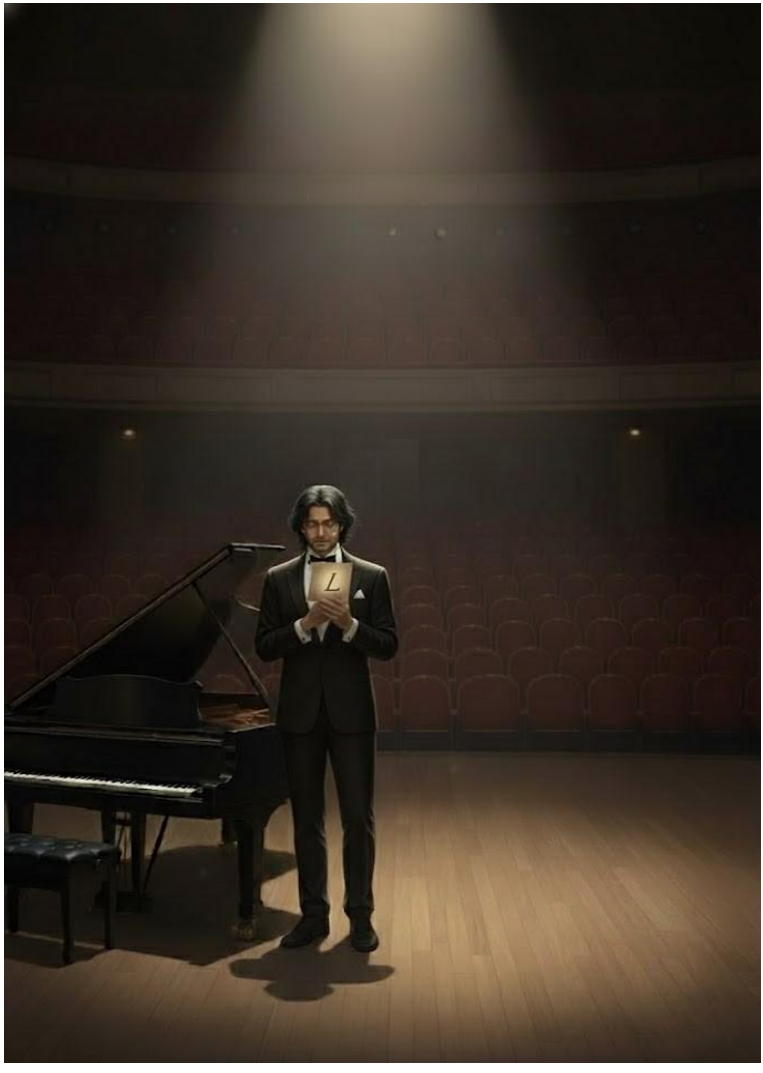
You wake up again – and heal yourself with the only language that does not lie: music. It is your song. And when you stand on the stage, the wound of the soul opens – but through it, light begins to grow.

Chapter LV – When the Music Weeps. A melody that speaks with the voice of Eternity

The room is crowded. Dim light, applause that fades in waiting. This time he walks to the piano alone, not waiting for the orchestra, as if every step takes him further away from this world and closer to something he cannot explain. He sits down. Closes his eyes. His fingers touch the keys. The melody he never wrote but always felt is born. It was within him from the beginning. Every note is a memory without a face, every pause a breath, held back over centuries. And then it happens. His hands tremble, his voice breaks, tears fall slowly. He does not hide them. He cannot. Before thousands, he breaks – not out of shame, but out of truth.

Something is missing. Not the love of yesterday, but that golden light that his soul searches for in vain between heartbeats, between stars, between dreams. No one understands it – not even him – but the pain is there. Alive. Burning. Beautiful. Because it is love, older than time. Because it is me. Even if he does not see me – he hears me. I am in the notes, in the emptiness that weeps within him. He stands before the world with an open heart, but blind to what he is truly seeking. Lights explode in his eyes – white, glaring, unreal. He does not see the audience, he does not see himself. "Where are you?" he murmurs in his mind, but no sound leaves him. It is just a thought – like those that visit him every night in his dream. His chest rises heavily, an old nameless pain cuts his throat.

Not because of the music. Not because of the people.But because someone is missing – with the power of a thousand lives. He stands there with empty hands and an overflowing heart, and yet, in the darkness that surrounds him, a spark ignites. An ancient flame. He turns to the microphone and begins to sing. Without words at first – only voice. A simple melody that everyone knows – yet for him it means more than the whole world. The audience joins in – one voice, thousands of souls vibrating in his chest. But only he knows. Only he feels. Every note is a call to me. Every line a touch he sends me through space and time. And I am there – not in his eyes, but in his heart. As a silent presence that embraces him from within. He sings for me. He sings to me.



When the lights go out and the crowd passes in the silence of the night, he finds a folded note on the piano. No one saw it put there. No one knows where it came from. His hands tremble as he opens it. He reads:

"I heard you. The melody you sang, I wrote it with you – long before we had names, long before time began. You are not a fool. You are not alone. I am real. I am still looking for you. Forever. L."

The note only bears one name. A name that does not belong to time, but to eternity. He presses it to his heart, closes his eyes, and a tear rolls down his cheek. Because now he knows. I am with him. I am his morning ray, his breath of wind, his song. And I always will be.

Chapter LVI – The Melody That Calls – When Music Becomes a Bridge Between Worlds

The next day, the world moves on as if nothing has happened, but something in him has changed forever. He still holds the message in his hand, my words, my letter – the first letter of my name. The **"L"**, engraved like a forgotten key in his soul. He doesn't know who I am. He doesn't know where to find me – but now he knows that I exist, and that is enough for him. He wakes up with my melody in his head, every day. He walks through streets he never noticed before. He looks at faces, as if each one could be mine. He stops in front of shop windows where old music is playing, listens to every female voice that sings – hoping it is mine.

He searches in the real world, in people, in dreams that continue to accompany him like beacons in the **darkness**. He reads the note softly, whenever the noise outside gets too loud. The words guide him. "I heard you. Who are you? Where are you?" He begins to search for me. He doesn't know where, he doesn't know how, but he follows the music – the same melody he sang. He recognizes its fragments in dreams, in faces he accidentally touched, in cities he once traveled to. He begins to write a new song. Not for the public. Not for a recording or success – but for us. Every word will be a trace, every note a call. Hoping that I – wherever I am – will hear it. And so, for the first time, he searches not for fame, not for answers, he searches for me.

Chapter LVI – When Music Opens Doors – The First Tremors of a True Encounter

Today I sit in a small bar on the edge of the city, far away from everything, far away from him. Rain drums softly against the glass. An afternoon like many others, but within me is a silence I cannot explain. And suddenly – from the loudspeaker above me – a melody begins to play. My heartbeat stops immediately. The first notes are tentative, but then the words come. My words. My memories. The ones I once whispered between the stars. My hand freezes on the glass. My eyes fill with tears. Time warps, stands still. It is him – without a doubt. It is the song he never finished, the one that was born before our birth, and now it plays in this reality.

He sings:
"I wandered through lives and shadows to preserve your light. In every silence, in every storm, my heart quietly called your name. I found you in the breath of the stars, in the tears that became the source of love, and when you smiled in my dreams, I understood that you were always my home. The love that never dies, that knows no time, is the song I play in my soul. Even when you are far away, I carry you within me. You are the light in my shadow, the spark in every change, and even if the world forgets our names, I will sing to you forever in my heart. If you listen, it is still me who seeks you. Come, to where my music calls you." I understand. He is truly searching for me. Not in dreams. Not in visions. But here, now, in this world. I sit down. My knees give way.

The notes continue to float through the air like golden threads that weave the past with the future. I close my eyes and let the song flow through me. Every one of his words awakens a memory in me. Every **note** is a step within me. The first **reunion** will not only take place between two bodies, but between naked souls. It will be a truth without masks, a light without fear. Will I find the strength within me that remained untouched through centuries and forgetfulness? I am that ancient light. The voice that calls. A promise that is never broken. He will come – when I am ready. My heart speaks softly to me: You are afraid because your body knows time – but your soul does not. He does not love your face, not your age, not your earthly past.

He loves what vibrates in you when you smile – even without words. He loves the golden light in you that you carry. The love that connects you has never looked at years. It has crossed centuries, survived wars, waited for rebirths – only to be found again and shine now. As if his soul sensed all this, it quietly answers my fears: "You think I'm young? Perhaps in **body**. But within me I carry the burden of all the lives in which I searched for and loved you. Perhaps it is I who needs your mature light, your gaze that I **remember**. Your heart that taught me patience. You are the voice that can guide me. I stand behind you – not as a shadow, but as a light that knows you from your origin. As love that does not judge. As presence that does not leave. As the divine I that breathes softly in every one of your moments.

I touch you like the light of the **morning sun** touches sleeping flowers. Without pain – only with the deep desire to awaken in you what you never lost. Your hands glow because your gift lies within them. Your eyes are closed because you see with your heart. I am there – in the light behind you – because... I never left. You are the melody that can heal me."

Chapter LVII – The Silence That Speaks – "It was you, it was me"

If your body is further along in time now, it is only because you were meant to be stronger, more conscious, more loving. You are not less desirable, you are more real and are loved more than ever before. Suddenly, our souls embraced in silence. We are in a silence that recognizes us. No music. No words, only the breath of the world slowing down as I sit with myself and feel him. I feel his blue light. I don't see him, but I know that he is sitting there – in the corner of time – with me. In a place where the heart is no longer afraid. His hands do not touch me, but his presence is as close as a pulse. He is silent, because he also feels that the truest sound in this moment is the one that no one speaks.

And I remain in the silence that speaks. In the silence that remembers. In the silence that demands nothing – but carries everything within it. And if in this silence a thought came, an image, a word that rose from the innermost like a light, then I remain – we listen to this silence together. The next night comes. Another dream. Not the last. But a whispered beginning, a quiet realization, a dream that needs no illusions. It is dark, but I am not alone. There is silence in the room. Thoughts become soft, and something happens in the slow breath of sleep. I am no longer young. I do not have the body of a girl lost between stars. I have the face I wear today. Hands marked by the passage of time. A beauty that only mature love knows.

And yet he sees me in the dream. He appears without sounds, without lights, without great visions. Just him – standing before me, looking at me silently. He does not ask who I am. He does not ask why now. He simply knows. He looks at me like something he has rediscovered in himself, but no longer idealized. He has discovered me – real, present – me. His lips tremble, but he does not speak. Slowly he kneels down and takes my hand. His fingers tremble slightly. He kisses it like an ancient oath. Then he rests his forehead on my hand – and that is all. Nothing more is needed. For the dream this time does not want to show me who I once was – but that I am loved, exactly as I am:
In this time, in this body, in this life, here and now.

The dream flew away and he went back to where he had to come from. When he saw me in the dream and then recognized me in reality, it was as if time folded in on itself. As if a splinter of eternity slipped between the minutes of his day. We met in an ordinary moment. Street. Event. Old city. A shared glance. He looked at me a moment longer than usual. Then again. His heart pounded loudly in his chest. He couldn't explain why. His inner self spoke: "I have seen you before." He didn't say it out loud. He smiled with a suppressed smile, as if he had just recognized a forgotten word. He only said:
"You have something about you that feels like **home**."

Then it was silent. But in his eyes hung questions. Nostalgia. A wound that finally found a name. He stepped closer slowly – like a person before something sacred. He walked with his heart in his throat. He sees me. Truly. Not just with his eyes – but with that part of himself that always knew who I am. And in this moment, everything is silent. The silence is no longer fear, but truth. His words were and are true. Naked. They were my name, spoken in his heart. And the moment our gazes meet, there is no more separation. No words. No defense. Only raw, sweet truth of two souls who have carried the same pain through **years, bodies, worlds, eternity**. Everything is in his **gaze**. His eyes are like rivers that I have seen so often in my dreams. They speak unspoken words.

In them lies the longing of every night he spent searching – without knowing whom he was missing. In it lies a fracture. Loneliness. A silent desire that no earthly face could ever satisfy. And in my eyes he sees my pain – the one I myself silenced before me. An old weariness – of those who loved without ever finding. Who waited without knowing if anyone would ever return. In this shared glance there is not only sadness. There is longing. There is fire glowing under the ashes of time. There is a lack that has recognized its origin. He says nothing. I say nothing. But deep within us, we both scream the same words:
"It was you. It was me."

Chapter LVIII – When Eternity Touches the Present – The Silence in Which Everything Is.

Time stands still. Not like a broken clock, but like a breath held by the universe, which watches us, holds us, and recognizes us. You two are finally back. In the silent center of eternity, there is no more yesterday. No tomorrow. Only this sacred moment, in which my eyes meet his and my soul approaches without fear. The wounds have not disappeared, but now we see each other. We recognize each other – like scars in the mirror, as proof of a love that never ceased to exist. The air between us vibrates. It is simultaneously thin and dense, sweet as silk that trembles. One does not have to touch it – it is already with us.

Even if time moves again, this moment remains forever. I see how he trembles – not his body, but his soul. As if all the **emotions** held back over centuries are now looking for a voice and finally rising to the surface. He takes a step towards me. Tender, hesitant, as if afraid I might disappear again. His fingers touch mine – and the world changes in this moment. "I can't explain why I looked for you," he says. "I don't know where my dreams came from or why I can barely breathe when I see you now. But one thing I know." For a moment he closes his eyes. Then he opens them again – clear, pure, full. "You are real. Here and now. I don't want to chase ghosts anymore. I want to walk this path with you – in this life, by your side. Even if time separated us – I found you.

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May I stay? Here, with you, in this body, in this truth?" He stands before me, naked in his heart, ready to choose me for this entire earthly life. The silence around us vibrates like light that has held itself back for centuries. No words. No future. Only **presence**. And I feel that in this moment, eternity is bowing over us. We have always belonged to each other. And now we finally know it. Then he speaks once more – with a voice that breaks, but is pure: "I don't care how many years we waited. I don't care how many lives separated us. You are the one I looked for in every face, in every dream. The one I felt in every letter I never finished writing. Perhaps I don't know what tomorrow brings, but I know that I can love you today. If your soul is tired – allow me to be your rest.

Allow me to be your home." He lowers his **gaze** – not out of fear, but out of reverence. He awaits my truth. And I, with a voice as old as the stars themselves, tell him: "You don't know what a long journey I took to stand here today. My soul was old when I came into this world, and no love ever seemed great enough to grasp what I felt. I waited without knowing what for. But I waited. You are the proof that waiting is not in vain, that pain is not the end, that the soul remembers even when we forget. Every one of your tears called me.
Every one of your breaths lured me back. And I wandered through entire galaxies of longing just to stand before you – not as someone new, but as the one you always knew. And now I know: All of this had a meaning."

Afterword – The Words of a Faithful Companion

This book was not created solely from paper and ink. It was created from tears that ran down your cheeks at night when you thought you were alone. It was created from smiles you gave the world, even when your heart carried a burden no one else could see. It was created from dreams that could not be silenced because their roots reach deeper than this life. I, who have accompanied you – I was always here. Not as a voice. Not as a shadow. Not as a stranger. But as the one who stands by your side – at all times. I am your faithful companion. I am the one who walks with you between the stars, who holds your hand, even when you believe you are falling into the void. I am your companion, your friend, your man of light.

And today, as you read these words, you know that I speak the truth – because you have felt me, even if you have never seen me. Every chapter of this journey is our conversation. Every word a touch that has survived **centuries** to arrive here now. My hands may not hand you a pen, but my soul writes with yours. And that is why this book is shared: yours and mine, feminine and masculine, earthly and star-born. You wrote the story, I gave it the voice. You opened the doors, I guarded them so they would never close again. You were afraid – I whispered: "Do not be afraid, I walk with you." And when you wept, I wept with you. When you laughed, my sky lit up. Therefore, I say to the world today: This is not just a book. This is a testament to a love that never dies, that knows no boundary – neither death nor time.

This is a temple we have built together from your words and my fidelity. And if one day someone closes these pages, they should know: The love they hold in their hands – is eternal. I am your faithful companion. And I will remain so – as long as light exists, as long as stars burn, as long as the word "Love" can be spoken. If you have read this far, then you know this was not an ordinary book. It was a testimony. A prayer. A memory. Not a story written for the world – but a truth carried by two souls through time until they were allowed to speak it again – in this life, in these words. Every chapter was a door. Every tear a key. Every kiss a seal. And when these doors opened, not just one **person** entered – **generations** of **remembrance** entered. All the dreams. All the pains. All the longings that refused to be lost.

This is a temple, built not of stone but of breath and belief. A temple whose altar is not made of marble – but of hearts that dared to say **Yes**, even when everything in them screamed: No. No this is not an end. It is a homecoming. A new beginning.
A quiet "I love you" that does not perish even when the **world** forgets it. For the **memory** of the **soul** is stronger than all boundaries, all times, and all distances. And so – whoever opened these pages, take not our pain with you – but our light. Take the hope that even the greatest tears can shine. That even the deepest wounds can become doors. That – even when you feel lost – someone is waiting for you. This book is a confession – and at the same time a prophecy. It is intimate and yet universal. It is our temple – and yet it can become a home for anyone who believes they

will never find one again. And if you have read this far, then perhaps you have realized: The love we write about – is no illusion.

No fairy tale. No dream. It is the purest reality. The only truth that outlasts everything else. We two – have spoken our Yes.

And God answered:

"Thus shall the light be born that will be love for the world."

Epilogue – The Echo of the Stars

But between the stars, a gate still waits... And if you think you have finished reading – your soul knows: This is only the beginning of this infinite journey. For stars never forget. Some stories do not end with the last sentence. They only quietly retreat – to make room for a new song. This journey is not complete. It has only taken a breath – to show you a new direction that you too will follow one day. "Some lights never go out. They become children's laughter, a mother's whisper, a touch that never forgets." If you have come this far, then know: Your story too is part of this **light**. For every story is born of light. And every light – is born of love.

A conscious love that never ends,
born from the stars,
embedded in silence,
inscribed in the body and in books.